LOVE'S HIGH WAY

A COLLECTION OF THE BEST MODERN LOVE POEMS IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

Selected by
MRS. WALDO RICHARDS

SHORTLY before her death Mrs. Richards completed this anthology of love poems. In type the poems vary from Rupert Brooke's 'The Great Lover' to Fiona Macleod's 'Shule, Shule, Agrah!' and from Conrad Aiken's 'The Winds of a Dream' to Tennyson's 'O That 'Twere Possible.'

The list of authors includes Rossetti, Matthew Arnold, Emily Dickinson, Rupert Brooke, and other famous poets who have written of love. With Mrs. Richards's other anthologies, 'High Tide,' 'Star Points,' 'The Melody of Earth,' and 'The Magic Carpet,' it provides the lover of poetry with an incomparable treasury of poems on great subjects.

$2.00

ANTHOLOGIES

By Mrs. Waldo Richards

LOVE'S HIGH WAY

A Collection of the Greatest Love Poems of the English Language

THE MAGIC CARPET

Poems for Travelers

'Will contribute beauty, joy and inspiration to one's travels in Europe.' — *Boston Herald.*

THE MELODY OF EARTH

Garden and Nature Poems from the Present-Day Poets

'There is not a mediocre selection.' — *Springfield Union.*

HIGH TIDE

'One of the most satisfactory anthologies we have ever read.' — *Chicago Post.*

STAR-POINTS

'Should satisfy the most genuine lover of poetry. A treasure-house of lovely things.' — *New York Post.*

The Riverside Press Cambridge

REFERENCE LIBRARY

DATE

TITLE_____

_____

AUTHOR_____

EDITION_____ SERIES_____

TYPE_____ PLATES_____

PAPER_____

Method of Printing

TEXT_____

INSERTS_____

COVER_____

SUBCONTRACT DATA_____

_____

REMARKS_____

_____

"H M Co. Form 0-412 5M 7-47 BP"

REFERENCE LIBRARY * HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO. * BOSTON, MASS.
Archive
Collection

This book may not leave the Offices
and if borrowed must be returned within 7 days

LOVE'S HIGH WAY

LOVE'S HIGH WAY

POEMS OF LOVE AND OF LOVE'S
LIVING FAITH AND ASPIRATION
BY OLD AND NEW POETS

SELECTED
AND ARRANGED BY
MRS. WALDO RICHARDS

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
The Riverside Press, Cambridge
1927

COPYRIGHT, 1927, BY HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

The Riverside Press
CAMBRIDGE · MASSACHUSETTS
PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

TO

MY BELOVED CHILDREN

HAL AND ROSA

WHO HAVE WALKED WITH ME

ON LOVE'S HIGH WAY

FOREWORD

Love was the keynote of Mrs. Waldo Richards's life — love for family and friends, and love for poetry and all things beautiful. It is therefore peculiarly fitting that she should have named her last anthology 'Love's High Way.'

Mrs. Richards's choice of poems was invariably guided by their substance rather than by the mere beauty of form. In all her anthologies she never lost sight of 'the vision splendid.' It required courage to compile another book of love poems when so many had already been presented, but the selection has been made with her usual discrimination.

The poems are grouped in accordance with Mrs. Richards's own plan. It is a most happy sequence, leading as it does from the human love to the divine.

The finest tribute Mrs. Richards's friends can pay her is to carry on her work by sharing with others the poems that meant so much to her. To-day more than ever people need poetry to offset the turmoil and constant demands of daily life. The poets also need those who can understand and interpret their message. Mrs. Richards was a true interpreter, and may she continue through these poems to encourage many travellers to take Love's High Way to the Kingdom of Heaven!

Emily V. Hammond

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

In behalf of Mrs. Richards sincere thanks and appreciation are extended, not only to the poets, who have been most gracious in their personal coöperation, but also to all the publishers who have very kindly given their permission to reprint in this volume poems for which they hold the copyrights:

To Messrs. D. Appleton & Company for 'Love's Legend,' from *A Harp in the Winds*, by Daniel Henderson (also to Mr. Henderson personally); and 'By the Fire,' from *Selected Poems*, by Aldous Huxley (also to Mr. Huxley personally). To Basil H. Blackwell, Ltd., Oxford, and to Mrs. Warren personally for 'The Key,' from *The Sword*, by Gretchen Warren. To Messrs. Boni & Liveright for 'The Awakening,' from *Rock Flower*, by Jeanne Robert Foster (also to Mrs. Foster personally); and for 'The Picture' and 'Of Jacopo del Sellaio,' from *Ripostes*, by Ezra Pound (also to Mr. Pound personally). To Brentano's for 'To a Distant One,' from *The Complete Poems of Francis Ledwidge*. To The Brick Row Book Shop, Inc., for 'To a Woman who has Gained Peace,' from *Storm in Harvest*, by Edward Steese. To Jonathan Cape, Ltd., London, for 'Come, Come, My Love,' by William H. Davies, from *The Spectator*, and 'Sweet Stay-at-Home,' from *Collected Poems of William H. Davies* (also to Messrs. Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.); and for 'Come, let us make love deathless,' from *Poems, with Fables in Prose*, by Herbert Trench. To Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Company for 'The Porch of Stars,' from *Auguries*, by Laurence Binyon (also to Mr. Binyon personally); for 'Finding' and 'The Great Love,' from *The Collected Poems of Rupert Brooke;* for 'Love's Trappist,' from *Poems*, by Gilbert K. Chesterton (also to Mr. Chesterton personally); for 'Stars of the Desert (Mahomed Akram's Night Watch),' from *Stars of the Desert*, by Laurence

Hope; for 'Flos Ævorum,' from *The Lonely Dancer*, by Richard Le Gallienne (also to Mr. Le Gallienne personally); for 'Silver Clothes,' from *Silver Clothes*, by Angela Morgan (also to Miss Morgan personally); for 'A Persian Love Song' and 'In a Latticed Balcony,' from *The Bird of Time*, by Sarojini Naidu; for 'Penelope,' from *New Poems*, by Francis Thompson; for 'Be Perfect' and 'My Devotion Kneels to You,' from *Poems*, by Iris Tree; and for 'Afternoon' and 'The Sunlit Hours,' by Emile Verhaeren. To Messrs. George H. Doran Company for 'For Remembrance,' from *Little Houses*, by Amelia Josephine Burr (also to the author personally); for a sonnet from 'Beauty in Exile,' from *Selected Poems*, by Arthur Davison Ficke (also to Mr. Ficke personally); for 'The Grief' and 'The Vagabond,' from *The Dreamers, and Other Poems*, by Theodosia Garrison (also to the author personally); for 'I shall not be Afraid' and 'The Mother's Helper,' from *Candles that Burn*, by Aline Kilmer; for 'Ballade of My Lady's Beauty,' from *Poems, Essays, and Letters of Joyce Kilmer;* for 'The Mother of Christ,' from *Mother and Son*, by Robert Norwood (also to Mr. Norwood personally); for 'The Sacrament of Love,' from *The Fiery Cross*, by John Oxenham (also to Mr. Oxenham personally); for 'A Pastoral' and 'That Day you Came,' from *Selected Poems*, by Lizette Woodworth Reese (also to Miss Reese personally); for 'Sonnet,' from *Poems: First Series*, and 'The Journey,' from *American Poems and Others*, by J. C. Squire (also to Mr. Squire personally); and for 'Unfinished Portrait,' from *Black Armour*, by Elinor Wylie (also to Miss Wylie personally). To Messrs. Dorrance & Company, Inc., and to Mrs. Leitch personally for 'Shelter,' from *The Unrisen To-morrow*, by Mary Sinton Leitch. To Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Company and to the authors personally for 'Outwitted,' from *The Shoes of Happiness*, by Edwin Markham; and for 'Love at First Sight,' from *The Rocking Horse*, by Christopher Morley. To Messrs. Duffield & Company for 'One Day,' from *Gabrielle, and Other Poems*, by Martha Gilbert Dickinson Bianchi (also to Mme. Bianchi personally); and for 'Shule, Shule, Shule, Agrah!' from *The Hills of Dream*, and 'The Love-Song of Drostan,'

from *Drostan and Yseul*, by Fiona Macleod (William Sharp). To Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Company for 'Elysium,' from *I Sing the Pioneer*, by Arthur Guiterman (also to Mr. Guiterman personally); for 'The Silence,' from *A Canopic Jar*, by Leonora Speyer (also to Mrs. Speyer personally); for 'The Mystic,' from *The Lanterns in Gethsemane*, by William Wattles; and for 'Prothalamion,' from *Poems, 1916–1918*, by Francis Brett Young. To The Four Seas Company for 'The Wind of a Dream,' from 'White Nocturne' in *Nocturne of Remembered Spring, and Other Poems*, by Conrad Aiken (also to Mr. Aiken personally); and for 'Beside the Way' and 'Clear Pools,' from *Willow Pollen*, by Jeannette Marks (also to Miss Marks personally). To Messrs. Harcourt, Brace & Company for 'Between Two Loves,' from *Carmina*, and 'Song for August,' from *Canzoni and Songs of Wedlock*, by Thomas Augustine Daly; for 'To My Mother,' from *Poems New and Old*, by John Freeman; for 'The Road,' from *These Times*, by Louis Untermeyer; and for 'The Thought' and 'Things Lovelier,' from *The Unknown Goddess*, by Humbert Wolfe (also to Mr. Wolfe personally). To Messrs. Harper & Brothers for 'Just Now,' from *Sunrise Trumpets*, by Joseph Auslander; for 'The Undying Heart,' from *Harvest of Youth*, by Edward Davison; for 'A Bill from Cupid,' from *The Laughing Muse*, by Arthur Guiterman (also to Mr. Guiterman personally); and for 'Alms' from *Second April*, and 'Sonnet,' from *The Harp-Weaver, and Other Poems*, by Edna St. Vincent Millay (also to Miss Millay personally and to her agents Messrs. Brandt & Brandt). To *The Harvard University Press* for 'The Recompense,' from *Sonnets and Other Lyrics*, by Robert S. Hillyer (also to Mr. Hillyer personally; and for 'Makaria,' from *Life Immovable*, by K. Palamas, translated by Aristides E. Phoutrides. To Messrs. Henry Holt & Company and to the authors personally for 'Nocturne,' from *Collected Poems*, and 'Winter Dusk' from *The Listeners*, by Walter de la Mare; for 'Bond and Free,' from *Mountain Interval*, and 'To Earthward' and 'Two Look at Two,' from *New Hampshire*, by Robert Frost; and for 'The Masters,' from *Old Road to Paradise*, by Margaret Widdemer. To Messrs. Houghton Mifflin Company for 'After

Two Years,' by Richard Aldington, from *Some Imagist Poets, 1916*, and 'Images,' by Richard Aldington, from *Some Imagist Poets, 1917* (also to Mr. Aldington personally); for 'Palinode,' from *The Poems of Thomas Bailey Aldrich;* for 'Eros,' from *The Unconquered Air and Other Poems*, by Florence Earle Coates (also to Mrs. John E. D. Trask personally); for 'A Ghost Speaks on the Styx,' from *New Poems*, and a selection from 'Burning Bush,' from *Preludes*, by John Drinkwater (also to Mr. Drinkwater personally); for 'Give All to Love,' from *Poems*, by Ralph Waldo Emerson; for 'Fragment,' by F. S. Flint, from *Some Imagist Poets* (1915); for 'No Time Like the Old Time' and 'Too Young for Love,' from *The Complete Poems of Oliver Wendell Holmes;* for 'The Four Princesses at Wilna,' from *The Complete Poems of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow;* for 'Patterns,' from *Men, Women, and Ghosts*, 'Summer,' from *A Dome of Many-Coloured Glass*, and 'The Giver of Stars,' from *Sword Blades and Poppy Seed*, by Amy Lowell; for 'Heart's Wild-Flower' and 'Song,' from *The Poems and Plays of William Vaughn Moody;* for 'In the Mantle of God,' from *Mothers and Men*, by Harold Trowbridge Pulsifer (also to Mr. Pulsifer personally); for 'Confession,' from *The Lifted Cup*, by Jessie B. Rittenhouse (also to the author personally); for 'The Supreme Gift,' from *The White Comrade, and Other Poems*, by Robert Haven Schauffler (also to Mr. Schauffler personally); and for a fragment from a poem in *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers*, by Henry D. Thoreau. To Messrs. P. J. Kenedy & Sons and to Father Donnelly personally for 'Machree' (or 'The Heart'), from *Shepherd My Thoughts*, by Rev. Francis P. Donnelly, S.J. To Mr. Mitchell Kennerly for 'Little heart within thy cage,' from *Towards Democracy*, by Edward Carpenter. To Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., for 'Journey's End,' 'The Heart of Gold,' and 'To No One in Particular,' from *Grenstone Poems*, by Witter Bynner (also to Mr. Bynner personally); for 'L'Envoi,' from *April Twilights*, by Willa Cather (also to Miss Cather personally); for 'Song,' from *Flying Fish*, by Grace Hazard Conkling (also to Mrs. Conkling personally); for 'The Pledge,' from *Verse*, by Adelaide Crapsey; for 'Sweet Stay-at-Home,'

from *The Collected Poems of William H. Davies* (also to Jonathan Cape, Ltd., London); for 'Last Love,' from *The Collected Poems of James Elroy Flecker* (also to Mrs. Flecker); for lines from *The Prophet*, by Kahlil Gibran; and for 'Where Love Once Was,' from *The Sea*, by James Oppenheim. To Mr. Joseph Lawren, New York, for 'Vision,' from *Lights from Little Lanterns*, by Theodocia Pearce. To Messrs. Little, Brown & Company for 'Proof,' 'The Wife,' and stanzas from 'Bequest,' from *The Complete Poems of Emily Dickinson.* To Messrs. Longmans, Green & Company for 'The Travellers,' from *The One and the Many*, by Eva Gore-Booth; for 'Lost Love,' from *The Collected Poems of Andrew Lang;* and for lines from 'Love is Enough,' by William Morris. To Messrs. Robert M. McBride & Company and to Mr. Nathan personally for 'The Poet Describes his Love,' from *Youth Grows Old*, by Robert Nathan. To The Macmillan Company for stanzas from 'Faded Leaves,' from *Poems*, by Matthew Arnold; for 'Little Hands,' from *Selected Poems*, by Laurence Binyon (also to Mr. Binyon personally); for 'An Idyll' and 'She Moved through the Fair,' from *Wild Earth*, by Padraic Colum (also to Mr. Colum personally); for 'Love has Shining Eyes,' from *The Ancient Beautiful Things*, by Fannie Stearns Davis; for 'Affinity' and 'The Silence of Love,' from *The Collected Poems of A. E.* (George William Russell); for 'Doors,' from *The Secret Way*, by Zona Gale (also to Miss Gale personally); for 'The Voice,' from *Collected Poems*, by Thomas Hardy (also to Mr. Hardy personally); for 'The Door,' from *Wild Plum*, by Orrick Johns (also to Mr. Johns personally); for 'Ignorance' and stanzas from 'Enslaved,' by John Masefield; for 'The Road to Kérity,' from *Saturday Market*, by Charlotte Mew; for 'A Farewell,' from *You and I*, by Harriet Monroe (also to Miss Monroe personally); for 'Beauty's a Flower,' from *Songs from the Glens of Antrim*, by Moira O'Neill; for 'Neighbors,' from *Collected Poems*, by Edwin Arlington Robinson (also to Mr. Robinson personally); for two selections from *The Dark Night*, by May Sinclair; for lines from *Gitanjali*, by Rabindranath Tagore; for 'At Tintagil,' from *Dark of the Moon*, and 'The Ghost,' from *Love Songs*, by Sara Teasdale; for 'He Remembers Forgotten

Beauty,' and 'The Folly of Being Comforted,' from *The Poetical Works of William Butler Yeats.* To Mr. Thomas B. Mosher, Portland, Maine, and to the authors personally for 'Love and the Stars,' from *Garlands and Wayfarings*, by William Aspenwall Bradley; for 'At Even,' from *The Rose-Jar*, and 'He Giveth his Beloved Sleep,' from *Sonnets of the Saints*, by Thomas S. Jones, Jr.; and for 'Candle and Cross,' from *Candle and Cross*, by Elisabeth Scollard. To Mr. John Murray, London, for 'I will not Let thee Go,' from *The Poetical Works of Robert Bridges.* To the Oxford University Press, London, for 'A Song of the Four Seasons,' from *The Poetical Works of Austin Dobson.* To Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons and to Mr. Henry D. Sleeper for stanzas from *The Garden of Years*, by Guy Wetmore Carryl. To Messrs. A. M. Robertson Company for 'To One Loved,' from *The Testimony of the Suns*, by George Sterling. To Mr. William Edwin Rudge and to Mr. Ford personally for 'To Petronella at Sea,' from *New Poems*, by Ford Madox Ford. To Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons for 'The Way to Arcady,' from *Poems*, by H. C. Bunner; for 'Love in Marriage,' from *When I Grew up to Middle Age*, by Struthers Burt (also to Mr. Burt personally); for 'Ballade of June,' from *Poems*, by W. E. Henley; for 'Evening Song,' from *Poems*, by Sidney Lanier; for two songs from *The Poetical Works of George Meredith;* for 'Renouncement' and 'To the Beloved,' from *The Poems of Alice Meynell;* for 'Sonnet,' from *Poems*, by George Santayana (also to Mr. Santayana personally); for 'Do You Remember Once' and 'Sonnet,' from *Poems*, by Alan Seeger; for 'Rencontre,' from *The Poems of Henry van Dyke* (also to Dr. van Dyke personally); and for 'Departure,' from *Dust and Light*, by John Hall Wheelock (also to Mr. Wheelock personally). To Thomas Seltzer, Inc., for 'The Rose of Rest,' from *The Janitor's Boy, and Other Poems*, by Nathalia Crane; for 'Modern Love,' from *A Dinner of Herbs*, by Nancy Barr Mavity (also to Mrs. Mavity personally); and for 'Betrothal,' from *A Far Land*, by Martha Ostenso (also to Miss Ostenso personally). To Mr. Ralph Fletcher Seymour, Chicago, and to Mrs. Alice Corbin Henderson personally for 'A Song from Old Spain,' from *Red Earth: Poems of*

New Mexico, by Alice Corbin. To Messrs. Frederick A. Stokes Company for 'Desideravi,' from *The Last Knight, and Other Poems*, by Theodore Maynard (also to Mr. Maynard personally); and for 'In Cloak of Grey' and 'Unity,' from *Collected Poems*, by Alfred Noyes. To The Stratford Company, Boston, for 'Villanelle,' by Thomas H. Johnson, from *A College Anthology for 1920–21*. To The Viking Press, New York, for 'Song,' from *Chamber Music*, by James Joyce; and for 'Song,' from *Songs to Save a Soul*, by Irene Rutherford McLeod. To Messrs. James T. White & Company, New York, for 'Renunciation,' by Ameen Rihani. To The Yale University Press for 'Dedication to a First Book' and 'The Adoration,' from *Perpetual Light*, by William Rose Benét (also to Mr. Benét personally); for 'A Love Symphony,' from *Poems*, by Arthur O'Shaughnessy; for 'She Grieves in the Dusk,' from *Enzio's Kingdom, and Other Poems*, by William Alexander Percy (also to Mr. Percy personally); and for 'Music and Love,' from *Collected Poems*, by Robert Underwood Johnson (also to Mr. Johnson personally).

To the *Bookman*, New York, and to Mr. Underwood personally for 'Brown as any Thrush is,' by Pierson Underwood. To the *Christian Century*, Chicago, and to Mr. Piety personally for 'My World,' by Chauncey R. Piety. To *Harper's Monthly Magazine* and to Mr. Burnet personally for 'Hunger' and 'Song,' by Dana Burnet. To *Hue and Cry* and to Mr. Boggs personally for 'Amatores Ambo,' by Norman T. Boggs. To *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse* for 'Love me at Last,' by Alice Corbin (also to the author personally); for 'She Weeps over Rahoon,' by James Joyce; for 'A Farewell,' by Harriet Monroe (also to the author personally and to The Macmillan Company); and for 'Heaven,' by Willard Wattles. To *Scribner's Magazine* and to the authors personally for 'The Two Selves,' by Elsa Barker, and 'Refusal,' by Corinne Roosevelt Robinson.

Personal acknowledgment is also made to the following poets and individual owners of copyrights: To Mr. Conrad Aiken for 'Mirage'

and 'The Wind of a Dream.' To Mrs. Elizabeth Bradford for 'My Sweetheart's Bouquet,' from *Thoughts in Rhyme* (privately printed), by Sarah Metcalf Phipps. To Mr. Bliss Carman for 'The Garden of Dreams,' from *Later Poems.* To Mr. Ford Madox Ford for 'On Heaven.' To Mr. Arthur Ketchum for 'An Old Song' and 'The Name,' from *Profiles.* To Mr. Harry Lee for 'Home Lights.' To Mrs. William Lindsey for 'I Measure Time,' by William Lindsey. To Mrs. Sylvia Lynd for 'The Happy Hour.' To Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy for 'If I were King.' To Mrs. Arthur H. McGiffert (Gertrude Huntington McGiffert) for 'Immortality' (in manuscript). To Mr. Earl Marlatt for 'Once.' To Mr. Harold Monro for 'Children of Love.' To Miss Mary Boyle O'Reilly and Mrs. Agnes Hocking for 'Her Refrain' and 'Jacqueminots,' by John Boyle O'Reilly. To Mr. Martin Schütze for 'Dawn,' from *Songs and Poems.* To Mr. Clinton Scollard for 'The Last Evening' and 'The Rider' (in manuscript). To Miss Laura Simmons for 'Borderland' (in manuscript). To Mr. Henry D. Sleeper for stanzas from *The Garden of Years,* by Guy Wetmore Carryl. To Miss Susan Marr Spalding for 'Fate.' To the late George Sterling for 'You are so Beautiful.' To Mrs. Blanche Shoemaker Wagstaff for Treasures.'

CONTENTS

Adoration, The. *William Rose Benét* 21

Affinity. *A. E.* (*George William Russell*) 5

After Two Years. *Richard Aldington* 71

'Afternoon,' Selection from. *Emile Verhaeren* 146

Ah, Love, but a Day. *Robert Browning* 74

Alms. *Edna St. Vincent Millay* 58

Amatores Ambo. *Norman T. Boggs* 51

At Even. *Thomas S. Jones, Jr.* 190

At Tintagil. *Sara Teasdale* 12

Awakening, The. *Jeanne Robert Foster* 188

Ballade of June. *W. E. Henley* 142

Ballade of My Lady's Beauty. *Joyce Kilmer* 27

Be Perfect. *Iris Tree* 155

'Beauty in Exile,' Sonnet from. *Arthur Davison Ficke* . . . 128

Beauty's a Flower. *Moira O'Neill* 24

Beloved, To the. *Alice Meynell* 192

'Bequest,' From. *Emily Dickinson* 44

Beside the Way. *Jeannette Marks* 17

Betrothal. *Martha Ostenso* 132

Between Two Loves. *T. A. Daly* 141

Bill from Cupid, A. *Arthur Guiterman* 140
Bond and Free. *Robert Frost* 113
Borderland. *Laura Simmons* 117
Brown as any Thrush is. *Pierson Underwood* 72
'Burning Bush,' Selection from. *John Drinkwater* 149
By the Fire. *Aldous Huxley* 196

Candle and Cross. *Elisabeth Scollard* 193
Children of Love. *Harold Monro* 174
Clear Pools. *Jeannette Marks* 199
Come, let us Make Love Deathless. *Herbert Trench* 187
Confession. *Jessie B. Rittenhouse* 197
Come, Come, my Love. *W. H. Davies* 107

'Dark Night, The,' Selections from. *May Sinclair* . . . 118, 202
Dawn. *Martin Schütze* 146
Day you Came, The. *Lizette Woodworth Reese* 109
Dedication to a First Book. *William Rose Benét* 22
Departure. *John Hall Wheelock* 198
Desideravi. *Theodore Maynard* 26
Distant One, To a. *Francis Ledwidge* 100
Do you Remember Once. *Alan Seeger* 33
Door, The. *Orrick Johns* 60
Doors. *Zona Gale* 117
Drostan, The Love-Song of. *Fiona Macleod* (*William Sharp*) . 176

Elaine's Love Song. *Alfred, Lord Tennyson* 12
Elysium. *Arthur Guiterman* 194
'Enslaved,' Selections from. *John Masefield* 103
Envoi, L'. *Willa Cather* 194
Eros. *Florence Earle Coates* 184
Evening Song. *Sidney Lanier* 87

Farewell, A. *Harriet Monroe* 198
Fate. *Susan Marr Spalding* 156
Finding. *Rupert Brooke* 14
Flos Ævorum. *Richard Le Gallienne* 66
Folly of Being Comforted, The. *William B. Yeats* 20
For Remembrance. *Amelia Josephine Burr* 201
Four Princesses at Wilna, The. *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow* . 161
Fragment. *F. S. Flint* 76
Fragment. *Henry D. Thoreau* 32

Garden of Dreams, The. *Bliss Carman* 111
'Garden of Years, The,' Stanzas from. *Guy Wetmore Carryl* . 119
Ghost, The. *Sara Teasdale* 18
Ghost Speaks on the Styx, A. *John Drinkwater* 183
'Gitanjali,' From. *Rabindranath Tagore* 80
Give All to Love. *Ralph Waldo Emerson* 3
Giver of Stars, The. *Amy Lowell* 92
Great Lover, The. *Rupert Brooke* 41

Grief, The. *Theodosia Garrison* 37

Happy Hour, The. *Sylvia Lynd* 75
He Giveth his Beloved Sleep. *Thomas H. Jones, Jr.* 206
He Remembers Forgotten Beauty. *William B. Yeats* . . . 13
He who for love hath undergone. *Lord Houghton* 2
Heart of Gold, The. *Witter Bynner* 134
Heart's Wild-Flower. *William Vaughn Moody* 101
Heaven. *Willard Wattles* 201
Her Refrain. *John Boyle O'Reilly* 63
Home Lights. *Harry Lee* 107
Hunger. *Dana Burnet* 184

I and my Joy. *Edward Carpenter* 39
I Measure Time. *William Lindsey* 120
I shall Make Beauty. *J. C. Squire* 74
I shall not be Afraid. *Aline Kilmer* 170
I will not Let thee Go. *Robert Bridges* 18
Idyll, An. *Padraic Colum* 38
If I were King. *Justin Huntly McCarthy* 30
Ignorance. *John Masefield* 79
Images. *Richard Aldington* 78
Immortality. *Gertrude Huntington McGiffert* 207
In a Latticed Balcony. *Sarojini Naidu* 40
In Cloak of Grey. *Alfred Noyes* 185

'In Memoriam,' Selections from. *Alfred, Lord Tennyson* . . 97
In the Mantle of God. *Harold Trowbridge Pulsifer* 166

Jacopo del Sellaio, Of. *Ezra Pound* 49
Jacqueminots. *John Boyle O'Reilly* 68
Journey, The. *J. C. Squire* 133
Journey's End. *Witter Bynner* 130
Just Now. *Joseph Auslander* 33

Key, The. *Gretchen Warren* 121

L'Envoi. *Willa Cather* 194
Last Evening, The. *Clinton Scollard* 190
Last Love. *James Elroy Flecker* 280
Little Hands. *Laurence Binyon* 172
Longing. *Matthew Arnold* 36
Lost Love. *Andrew Lang* 177
Love among the Ruins. *Robert Browning* 93
Love and the Stars. *William Aspenwall Bradley* 91
Love at First Sight. *Christopher Morley* 171
Love has Shining Eyes. *Fannie Stearns Davis* 80
Love in Marriage. *Struthers Burt* 157
Love is Enough. *William Morris* 5
Love Me at Last. *Alice Corbin* 123
Love-Song of Drostan, The. *Fiona Macleod (William Sharp)* . 176

Love Symphony, A. *Arthur O'Shaughnessy* 73
Love's Legend. *Daniel Henderson* 178
Love's Trappist. *Gilbert K. Chesterton* 85

Machree. *Francis P. Donnelly, S.J.* 63
Mahomed Akram's Night Watch. *Laurence Hope* 124
Makaria. *Kostes Palamas.* (*Translated by Aristides E. Phoutrides*) 162
Masters, The. *Margaret Widdemer* 179
Meeting at Night. *Robert Browning* 92
Mirage. *Conrad Aiken* 31
Modern Love. *Nancy Barr Mavity* 160
Monk Launcelot Remembers Guenevere, The. *F. P. Sturm* . 45
Mother-Love. *Robert Norwood* 162
Mother's Helper, The. *Aline Kilmer* 173
Music and Love. *Robert Underwood Johnson* 123
My Devotion Kneels to You. *Iris Tree* 29
My Star. *Robert Browning* 22
My Sweetheart's Bouquet. *Sarah Metcalf Phipps* 108
My World. *Chauncey R. Piety* 187
Mystic, The. *Willard Wattles* 21

Name, The. *Arthur Ketchum* 31
Neighbors. *Edwin Arlington Robinson* 165
No Time like the Old Time. *Oliver Wendell Holmes* 83
Nocturne. *Walter de la Mare* 11

O that 'twere Possible. *Alfred Tennyson* 44
Of Jacopo del Sellaio. *Ezra Pound* 49
Old Song, An. *Arthur Ketchum* 135
Once. *Earl Marlatt* 135
One Day. *Martha Gilbert Dickinson Bianchi* 159
Outwitted. *Edwin Markham* 9

Palinode. *Thomas Bailey Aldrich* 51
Pastoral, A. *Lizette Woodworth Reese* 106
Patterns. *Amy Lowell* 53
Penelope. *Francis Thompson* 9
Permanence. *Francis Meynell* 47
Persian Love Song, A. *Sarojini Naidu* 18
Petronella at Sea, To. *Ford Madox Ford* 88
Picture, The. *Ezra Pound* 48
Pledge, The. *Adelaide Crapsey* 78
Poet Describes his Love, The. *Robert Nathan* 68
Porch of Stars, The. *Laurence Binyon* 90
Proof. *Emily Dickinson* 99
'Prophet, The,' Selection from. *Kahlil Gibran* 180
Prothalamion. *Francis Brett Young* 89

Recompense, The. *Robert Silliman Hillyer* 7
Refusal. *Corinne Roosevelt Robinson* 156
Rencontre. *Henry van Dyke* 82

Renouncement. *Alice Meynell* 97
Renunciation. *Ameen Rihani* 126
Rider, The. *Clinton Scollard* 129
Road, The. *Louis Untermeyer* 114
Road to Kérity, The. *Charlotte Mew* 60
Rose of Rest, The. *Nathalia Crane* 173

Sacrament of Love, The. *John Ozenham* 209
Sanctuary, The. *Ford Madox Ford* 50
She Moves through the Fair. *Padraic Colum* 62
She Weeps over Rahoon. *James Joyce* 65
Shelter. *Mary Sinton Leitch* 180
Shule, Shule, Shule, Agrah! *Fiona Macleod* (*William Sharp*) . 61
Silence, The. *Leonora Speyer* 189
Silence of Love, The. *A. E.* (*George William Russell*) . . . 188
Silver Clothes. *Angela Morgan* 168
Song. *Francis William Bourdillon* 58
Song. *Dana Burnet* 110
Song. *Mary Coleridge* 110
Song. *Grace Hazard Conkling* 121
Song. *James Joyce* 105
Song. *Irene Rutherford McLeod* 7
Song: Love within the lover's breast. *George Meredith* . . . 102
Song: The Flower unfolds its dawning cup. *George Meredith* . 23
Song. *William Vaughn Moody* 127

Song. *Christina Rossetti* 200
Song for August. *Thomas Augustine Daly* 145
Song from Old Spain, A. *Alice Corbin* 105
Song of the Four Seasons, A. *Austin Dobson* 144
Sonnet. *Edna St. Vincent Millay* 57
Sonnet. *George Santayana* 182
Sonnet. *Alan Seeger* 77
Sonnet from 'Beauty in Exile.' *Arthur Davison Ficke* . . . 128
Stars of the Desert. *Laurence Hope* 124
Summer. *Amy Lowell* 112
Summum Bonum. *Robert Browning* 24
'Sunlit Hours, The,' Selection from. *Emile Verhaeren* . . . 86
Supreme Gift, The. *Robert Haven Schauffler* 160
Sweet Stay-at-Home. *William H. Davies* 154

Things Lovelier. *Humbert Wolfe* 36
Thought, The. *Humbert Wolfe* 195
Three Shadows. *Dante Gabriel Rossetti* 28
To a Distant One. *Francis Ledwidge* 100
To a Woman who has Gained Peace. *Edward Steese* 85
To Earthward. *Robert Frost* 148
To my Mother. *John Freeman* 166
To One Loved. *George Sterling* 204
To Petronella at Sea. *Ford Madox Ford* 88
To the Beloved. *Alice Meynell* 192

Too Young for Love. *Oliver Wendell Holmes* 70
Travellers, The. *Eva Gore-Booth* 102
Treasures. *Blanche Shoemaker Wagstaff* 202
Two Look at Two. *Robert Frost* 151
Two Selves, The. *Elsa Barker* 153

Undying Heart, The. *Edward Davison* 191
Unfinished Portrait. *Elinor Wylie* 49
Unity. *Alfred Noyes* 8

Vagabond, The. *Theodosia Garrison* 35
Villanelle. *Thomas H. Johnson* 131
Vision. *Theodocia Pearce* 129
Voice, The. *Thomas Hardy* 116

Way to Arcady, The. *Henry Cuyler Bunner* 136
Where Love once Was. *James Oppenheim* 126
Wife, The. *Emily Dickinson* 87
Wind of a Dream, The. *Conrad Aiken* 16
Winter Dusk. *Walter de la Mare* 163
Woman who has Gained Peace, To a. *Edward Steese* . . . 88

You are so Beautiful. *George Sterling* 25

LOVE'S HIGH WAY

He who for love hath undergone
  The worst that may befall
Is happier thousandfold than one
  Who never loved at all.
A grace within his soul hath reigned
  Which nothing else can bring.
Thank God for all that I have gained
  By that high suffering.

LORD HOUGHTON

LOVE'S HIGH WAY

GIVE ALL TO LOVE

Give all to love;
Obey thy heart;
Friends, kindred, days,
Estate, good-fame,
Plans, credit and the Muse, —
Nothing refuse.

'Tis a brave master;
Let it have scope:
Follow it utterly,
Hope beyond hope:
High and more high
It dives into noon,
With wing unspent,
Untold intent;
But it is a god,
Knows its own path
And the outlets of the sky.

It was never for the mean;
It requireth courage stout.

Souls above doubt,
Valor unbending,
It will reward, —
They shall return
More than they were,
And ever ascending.

Leave all for love;
Yet, hear me, yet,
One word more thy heart behoved,
One pulse more of firm endeavor, —
Keep thee to-day,
To-morrow, forever,
Free as an Arab
Of thy beloved.

Cling with life to the maid;
But when the surprise,
First vague shadow of surmise
Flits across her bosom young,
Of a joy apart from thee,
Free be she, fancy-free;
Nor thou detain her vesture's hem,
Nor the palest rose she flung
From her summer diadem.

Though thou loved her as thyself,
As a self of purer clay,

Though her parting dims the day,
Stealing grace from all alive;
Heartily know,
When half-gods go,
The gods arrive.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

LOVE IS ENOUGH

LOVE is enough: though the World be a-waning,
And the woods have no voice but the voice of complaining.
Though the sky be too dark for dim eyes to discover
The gold-cups and daisies fair blooming thereunder,
Though the hills be held shadows, and the sea a dark wonder,
And this day draw a veil over all deeds passed over;
Yet their hands shall not tremble, their feet shall not falter,
The void shall not weary, the fear shall not alter
These lips and these eyes of the loved and the lover.

WILLIAM MORRIS

AFFINITY

YOU and I have found the secret way,
None can bar our love or say us nay:
All the world may stare and never know
You and I are twined together so.

You and I for all his vaunted width
Know the giant Space is but a myth;
Over miles and miles of pure deceit
You and I have found our lips can meet.

You and I have laughed the leagues apart
In the soft delight of heart to heart.
If there's a gulf to meet or limit set,
You and I have never found it yet.

You and I have trod the backward way
To the happy heart of yesterday,
To the love we felt in ages past.
You and I have found it still to last.

You and I have found the joy had birth
In the angel childhood of the earth,
Hid within the heart of man and maid.
You and I of Time are not afraid.

You and I can mock his fabled wing,
For a kiss is an immortal thing.
And the throb wherein those old lips met
Is a living music in us yet.

A. E.
(George William Russell)

THE RECOMPENSE

When the last song is sung, and the last spark
Of light dies out forever, and the dark,
The voiceless dark eternal, shrouds the earth,
When the last cries of pain and shouts of mirth
Sink in the desolate silences of space,
Where then shall flower the beauty of your face?
O Love the laughing, Youth the rose-in-hand,
In what unknown and undiscovered land
Shall flower then the beauty of your face?
I know not, but I know that all returns
At last unchanged, and to the heart that yearns
Shall be repaid all loneliness and loss;
Sometime with shadowy sails shall fly across
The shoreless ocean of infinity
A ship from out the past, and the great sea
Of life shall bear you from the new worlds over
The waves, and back again to the old lover.

Robert Silliman Hillyer

SONG

Is love, then, so simple, my dear?
The opening of a door,
And seeing all things clear?
I did not know before.

I had thought it unrest and desire
  Soaring only to fall,
Annihilation and fire:
  It is not so at all.

I feel no desperate will,
  But I think I understand
Many things, as I sit quite still,
  With Eternity in my hand.

IRENE RUTHERFORD MCLEOD

UNITY

HEART of my heart, the world is young;
  Love lies hidden in every rose!
Every song that the skylark sung
  Once, we thought, must come to a close:
Now we know the spirit of song,
  Song that is merged in the chant of the whole,
Hand in hand as we wander along,
  What should we doubt of the years that roll?

Heart of my heart, we cannot die!
  Love triumphant in flower and tree,
Every life that laughs at the sky
  Tells us nothing can cease to be:

One, we are one with a song to-day,
  One with the clover that scents the wold,
One with the Unknown, far away,
  One with the stars, when earth grows old.

Heart of my heart, we are one with the wind,
  One with the clouds that are whirled o'er the lea,
One in many, O broken and blind,
  One as the waves are at one with the sea!
Ay! when life seems scattered apart,
  Darkens, ends as a tale that is told,
One, we are one, O heart of my heart,
  One, still one, while the world grows old.

ALFRED NOYES

OUTWITTED

HE drew a circle that shut me out —
Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout.
But Love, and I had the wit to win:
We drew a circle that took him in!

EDWIN MARKHAM

PENELOPE

LOVE, like a wind, shook wide your blosmy eyes,
You trembled, and your breath came sobbing-wise
  For that you loved me.

You were so kind, so sweet, none could withhold
To adore, but that you were so strange, so cold;
For that you loved me.

Like to a box of spikenard did you break
Your heart about my feet. What words you spake!
For that you loved me.

Life fell to dust without me; so you tried
All carefullest ways to drive me from your side,
For that you loved me.

You gave yourself as children give, that weep
And snatch back, with — 'I meant you not to keep!'
For that you loved me.

I am no woman, girl, nor ever knew
That love could teach all ways that hate could do
To her that loved me.

Have less of love, or less of woman in
Your love, or loss may even from this begin —
That you so love me.

For, wild Penelope, the web you wove
You still unweave, unloving all your love;
Is this to love me,

Or what rights have I that scorn could deny?
Even of your love, alas, poor Love must die,
If so you love me!

FRANCIS THOMPSON

NOCTURNE

'Tis not my voice now speaks; but a bird
In darkling forest hollows a sweet throat —
Pleads on till distant echo too hath heard
And doubles every note:
So love that shrouded dwells in mystery
Would cry and waken thee.

Thou Solitary, stir in thy still sleep;
All the night waits thee, yet thou still dream'st on.
Furtive the shadows that about thee creep,
And cheat the shining footsteps of the moon:
Unseal thine eyes, it is my heart that sings,
And beats in vain its wings.

Lost in heaven's vague, the stars burn softly through
The world's dark latticings, we prisoned stray
Within its lovely labyrinth, and know
Mute seraphs guard the way
Even from silence unto speech, from love
To that self's self it still is dreaming of.

WALTER DE LA MARE

ELAINE'S LOVE SONG

And in those days she made a little song,
And call'd her song 'The Song of Love and Death,'
And sang it: sweetly could she make and sing.

'Sweet is true love tho' given in vain, in vain;
And sweet is death who puts an end to pain:
I know not which is sweeter, no, not I.

'Love, art thou sweet? then bitter death must be:
Love, thou art bitter; sweet is death to me.
O Love, if death be sweeter, let me die.

'Sweet love, that seems not made to fade away,
Sweet death, that seems to make us loveless clay,
I know not which is sweeter, no, not I.

'I fain would follow love, if that could be;
I needs must follow death, who calls for me;
Call and I follow, I follow! let me die.'

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

AT TINTAGIL

Iseult, Iseult, by the long waterways
Watching the wintry moon, white as a flower,
I have remembered how once in Tintagil
You heard the tread of Time hour after hour.

By casements hung with night, while all your women slept
You turned toward Brittany, awake, alone,
In the high chamber hushed, save where the candle dripped
With the slow patient sound of blood on stone.

The ache of empty arms was an old tale to you,
And all the tragic tunes that love can play,
Yet with no woman born would you have changed your lot,
Though there were greater queens who had been gay.

SARA TEASDALE

HE REMEMBERS FORGOTTEN BEAUTY

WHEN my arms wrap you round I press
My heart upon the loveliness
That has long faded from the world;
The jewelled crowns that kings have hurled
In shadowy pools, when armies fled;
The love-tales wrought with silken thread
By dreaming ladies upon cloth
That has made fat the murderous moth;
The roses that of old time were
Woven by ladies in their hair,
The dew-cold lilies ladies bore
Through many a sacred corridor
Where such gray clouds of incense rose
That only the gods' eyes did not close:

For that pale breast and lingering hand
Come from a more dream-heavy land,
A more dream-heavy hour than this;
And when you sigh from kiss to kiss
I hear white Beauty sighing, too,
For hours when all must fade like dew
But flame on flame, deep under deep,
Throne over throne, where in half sleep
Their swords upon their iron knees
Brood her high lonely mysteries.

WILLIAM B. YEATS

FINDING

FROM the candles and dumb shadows,
And the house where love had died,
I stole to the vast moonlight
And the whispering life outside.
But I found no lips of comfort,
No home in the moon's light
(I, little and lone and frightened
In the unfriendly night),
And no meaning in the voices. . . .
Far over the lands and through
The dark, beyond the ocean,
I willed to think of *you!*

For I knew, had you been with me
I'd have known the words of night,
Found peace of heart, gone gladly
In comfort of that light.

Oh! the wind with soft beguiling
Would have stolen my thought away;
And the night, subtly smiling,
Came by the silver way;
And the moon came down and danced to me,
And her robe was white and flying;
And trees bent their heads to me
Mysteriously crying;
And dead voices wept around me;
And dead soft fingers thrilled;
And the little gods whispered....
But ever
Desperately I willed;
Till all grew soft and far
And silent...
And suddenly
I found you white and radiant,
Sleeping quietly,
Far out through the tides of darkness,
And I there in that great light
Was alone no more, nor fearful;
For there, in the homely night,

Was no thought else that mattered
And nothing else was true,
But the white fire of moonlight,
And a white dream of you.

RUPERT BROOKE

'THE WIND OF A DREAM'

I WOULD like to touch this snow with the wind of a dream,
With a sudden warmth of music, and turn it all
To petals of roses . . . Why is it that I recall
Your two pale hands holding a bowl of roses,
Wide open like lotos flowers, floating in water?
I would like to touch this snow with the wind of a dream;
To hold the world in my hands and let it fall.
We have walked together through snow for a long long way,
We have walked among the hills immortally white,
Golden by noon and blue by night.
I would like to touch this snow with the wind of a dream:
And hear you singing again by a starlight wall . . .

CONRAD AIKEN

BESIDE THE WAY

I

O, LITTLE wind of every day,
O, little wind of hope,
  Bring to me love
  Beside the way,
O, little wind of every day!

II

There's vexing work for scanty keep,
With tears for daily drink,
  And but this cup
  To bring me sleep,
This cup of golden love dream-deep.

III

O, little wind of every day,
O, little wind of hope,
  Bring to me love
  Beside the way,
O, little wind of every day!

JEANNETTE MARKS

A PERSIAN LOVE SONG

O Love! I know not why, when you are glad,
Gaily my glad heart leaps.
O Love! I know not why, when you are sad,
Wildly my sad heart weeps.

I know not why, if sweet be your repose,
My waking heart finds rest,
Or if your eyes be dim with pain, sharp throes
Of anguish rend my breast.

Hourly this subtle mystery flowers anew,
O Love, I know not why . . .
Unless it be, perchance, that I am you,
Dear love, that you are I!

SAROJINI NAIDU

I WILL NOT LET THEE GO

I will not let thee go.
Ends all our month-long love in this?
Can it be summed up so,
Quit in a single kiss?
I will not let thee go.

I will not let thee go.
If thy words' breath could scare thy deeds,
As the soft south can blow
And toss the feathered seeds,
Then might I let thee go.

I will not let thee go.
Had not the great sun seen, I might;
Or were he reckoned slow
To bring the false to light,
Then might I let thee go.

I will not let thee go.
The stars that crowd the summer skies
Have watched us so below
With all their million eyes,
I dare not let thee go.

I will not let thee go.
Have we not chid the changeful moon,
Now rising late, and now
Because she set too soon,
And shall I let thee go?

I will not let thee go.
Have not the young flowers been content,

Plucked ere their buds could blow,
To seal our sacrament?
I cannot let thee go.

I will not let thee go.
I hold thee by too many bands:
Thou sayest farewell, and lo!
I have thee by the hands,
And will not let thee go.

ROBERT BRIDGES

THE FOLLY OF BEING COMFORTED

ONE that is ever kind said yesterday:
'Your well beloved's hair has threads of grey,
And little shadows come about her eyes;
Time can but make it easier to be wise,
Though now it's hard, till trouble is at an end;
And so be patient, be wise and patient, friend.'
But heart, there is no comfort, not a grain;
Time can but make her beauty over again,
Because of that great nobleness of hers;
The fire that stirs about her, when she stirs
Burns but more clearly. O she had not these ways,
When all the wild summer was in her gaze.
O heart! O heart! if she'd but turn her head,
You'd know the folly of being comforted.

WILLIAM B. YEATS

THE MYSTIC

THERE is a power you know not of,
Except you know as I have known
How one can give his all to love
And find his all in love alone.

WILLARD WATTLES

THE ADORATION

Now, like withdrawing music
Where pillared aisles implore,
You are a vanished choir,
A soft-closed door.

Victorious voices blended
Fade, and I kneel still-hearted.
Sudden my life is ended.
We have parted.

Lost in the vault's vast splendor
My ghost goes rising, thinning.
Can heartbreak be an end, or
Some strange beginning?

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

DEDICATION TO A FIRST BOOK

Braver than sea-going ships with the dawn in their sails,
Than the wind before dawn more healing and fragrant and free,
Fairer than sight of a city all white from the mountain-top viewed in the vales,
Or the silver-bright flakes of the moonlight in lakes, when the moon rides the clouds and the forest awakes,
You are to me!

For you are to me what the bowstring is to the shaft,
Speeding my purpose aloft and aflame and afar,
Through the thick of the fight, in your eyes' steady light my soul hath seen splendor, and laughed.
Now, however I tend betwixt foeman and friend through the riddle of Life to Death's light at the end,
I ride for your star!

William Rose Benét

MY STAR

All that I know
Of a certain star
Is, it can throw
(Like the angled spar)

Now a dart of red,
Now a dart of blue;
Till my friends have said
They would fain see, too,
My star that dartles the red and the blue!
Then it stops like a bird; like a flower, hangs furled:
They must solace themselves with the Saturn above it.
What matter to me if their star is a world?
Mine has opened its soul to me; therefore I love it.

ROBERT BROWNING

SONG

THE Flower unfolds its dawning cup,
And the young sun drinks the star-dews up,
At eve it droops with the bliss of day,
And dreams in the midnight far away.

So am I in thy sole, sweet glance
Pressed with a weight of utterance;
Lovingly all my leaves unfold,
And gleam to the beams of thirsty gold.

At eve I droop, for then the swell
Of feeling falters forth farewell; —
At midnight I am dreaming deep,
Of what has been, in blissful sleep.

When — ah! when will love's own light
Wed me alike thro' day and night,
When will the stars with their linking charms
Wake us in each other's arms?

GEORGE MEREDITH

SUMMUM BONUM

ALL the breath and the bloom of the year in the bag of one bee:
All the wonder and wealth of the mine in the heart of one gem:
In the core of one pearl all the shade and the shine of the sea:
Breath and bloom, shade and shine, — wonder, wealth, and —
how far above them —
Truth, that's brighter than gem,
Trust, that's purer than pearl, —
Brightest truth, purest trust in the universe — all were for me
In the kiss of one girl.

ROBERT BROWNING

'BEAUTY'S A FLOWER'

Youth's for an hour,
Beauty's a flower,
But love is the jewel that wins the world.

YOUTH's for an hour, an' the taste o' life is sweet,
Ailes was a girl that stepped on two bare feet;

In all my days I never seen the one as fair as she,
I'd have lost my life for Ailes, an' she never cared for me.

Beauty's a flower, an' the days o' life are long,
There' little knowin' who may live to sing another song;
For Ailes was the fairest, but another is my wife,
An' Mary — God be good to her! — is all I love in life.

Youth's for an hour,
Beauty's a flower,
But love is the jewel that wins the world.

MOIRA O'NEILL

YOU ARE SO BEAUTIFUL

You are so beautiful that all my dreams
Fly 'round you as the moths about a flame.
When some one speaks your name,
A sudden flower blooms in my heart, it seems.

You are so beautiful that words are weak,
And music all too poor, to tell the tale.
What wonder if I fail
To find the lyric language that I seek?

You are so beautiful that time and space
Have held none other like you, nor shall hold.

My worship waits untold,
Silent before the mystery of your face.
Silent before the mystery of your face.

GEORGE STERLING

DESIDERAVI

LEST, tortured by the world's strong sin,
Her little bruised heart should die —
Give her your heart to shelter in,
O earth and sky!

Kneel, sun, to clothe her round about
With rays to keep her body warm;
And, kind moon, shut the shadows out
That work her harm.

Yes, even shield her from my will's
Wild folly — hold her safe and close! —
For my rough hand in touching spills
Life from the rose.

But teach me, too, that I may learn
Your passion classical and cool;
To me, who tremble so and burn,
Be pitiful!

THEODORE MAYNARD

TO NO ONE IN PARTICULAR

Locate your love, you lose your love;
Find her, you look away . . .
Though mine I never quite discern,
I trace her every day.

She has a thousand presences,
As surely seen and heard
As birds that hide behind a leaf
Or leaves that hide a bird.

Single your love, you lose your love,
You cloak her face with clay;
Now mine I never quite discern —
And never look away.

Witter Bynner

BALLADE OF MY LADY'S BEAUTY

Squire Adam had two wives, they say,
Two wives had he, for his delight;
He kissed and clypt them all the day,
And clypt and kissed them all the night.
Now Eve like ocean foam was white,
And Lillith, roses dipped in wine,
But though they were a goodly sight
No lady is so fair as mine.

To Venus some folk tribute pay,
And Queen of Beauty she is hight;
And Sainte Marie the world doth sway
In cerule napery bedight.
My wonderment these twain invite,
Their comeliness it is divine;
And yet I say in their despite,
No lady is so fair as mine.

Dame Helen caused a grievous fray,
For love of her brave men did fight;
The eyes of her made sages fey
And put their hearts in woful plight;
To her no rhymes will I indite,
For her no garlands will I twine,
Though she be made of flowers and light,
No lady is so fair as mine.

JOYCE KILMER

THREE SHADOWS

I LOOKED and saw your eyes,
In the shadow of your hair
As a traveller sees the stream
In the shadow of the wood;
And I said, 'My faint heart sighs
Ah me! to linger there,

To drink deep and to dream
In that sweet solitude.'

I looked and saw your heart
In the shadow of your eyes,
As a seeker sees the gold
In the shadow of the stream;
And I said, 'Ah me! what art
Should win the immortal prize,
Whose want must make life cold
And Heaven a hollow dream?'

I looked and saw your love
In the shadow of your heart,
As a diver sees the pearl
In the shadow of the sea;
And I murmured, not above
My breath, but all apart, —
'Ah! you can love, true girl,
And is your love for me?'

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

MY DEVOTION KNEELS TO YOU

My devotion kneels to you,
Holding a candle to illumine your face.
My loneliness is your shadow
Along the solitary roads.

My passion is a book between your hands
Whose leaves are as the leaves of violets,
A volume of pressed flowers
Scenting your fingers though you read it not.
And my white faith
Is a silken surplice clothing you in peace.

IRIS TREE

IF I WERE KING

IF I were king — ah, love, if I were king!
What tributary nations would I bring
To stoop before your sceptre and to swear
Allegiance to your lips and eyes and hair.
Beneath your feet what treasures I would fling: —
The stars should be your pearls upon a string,
The world a ruby for your finger ring,
And you should have the sun and moon to wear
If I were king.

Let then wild dreams and wilder words take wing,
Deep in the woods I hear a shepherd sing
A simple ballad to a sylvan air,
Of love that ever finds your face more fair.
I could not give you any godlier thing
If I were king.

JUSTIN HUNTLY MCCARTHY

THE NAME

Over and over all day long
I say your name;
And wrap it up
In little tender words
I never heard or learned,
But know.
Over and over all day long!
Until my heart is sweet,
Like some dim room
Where flowers have been.

Arthur Ketchum

MIRAGE

. . . And already the minutes, the hours, the days,
Separate thoughts and separate ways,
Drift whitely and silently and slowly between us,
Drift between us like phantasmal rain and snow;
And we who were thrust for an instant so sharply together,
Under changing skies to alien destinies go.

Melody heard in the midnight on the wind,
Orange poppy of fire seen in a dream,
Vainly I try to keep you. How the sky,

A great blue wind, with a gigantic laugh,
Scorns us apart like chaff!
Like a bird blown to sea am I.

O let us hold, amid these immensities —
The blinding blaze of the hostile infinite —
To the one clear phrase we knew and still may know;
Walls rise daily and darkly between us,
But love has seen us;
Wherever we go love too must go.

Beautiful twilight, mysterious bird-haunted land
Seen from the ship, with the far pale shore of sand
And the blue deep hills inviting the stars to rest,
Though I may never set foot there nor explore you
Nor hear your angelus of bells about me, I shall adore you
And know you still the best.

CONRAD AIKEN

FRAGMENT

THERE'S nothing in the world I know
That can escape from love,
For every depth it goes below,
And every height above.

It waits as waits the sky,
Until the clouds go by,

Yet shines serenely on
With an eternal day,
Alike when they are gone
And when they stay.

HENRY D. THOREAU

JUST NOW

JUST now . . . O blown too faint and still,
A shudder of tone, I know not how . . .
But some one called me from a hill
Just now.

A moth beats at my hair and brow
A soft gray song that leaves me chill . . .
The moth blurs blindly on somehow.

A bird sang madly and a mill
Hummed and a wet smell edged the plow,
And your white hand was warm . . . until . . .
Just now.

JOSEPH AUSLANDER

DO YOU REMEMBER ONCE . . .

Do you remember once, in Paris of glad faces,
The night we wandered off under the third moon's rays

And, leaving far behind bright streets and busy places,
Stood where the Seine flowed down between its quiet quais?

The city's voice was hushed; the placid, lustrous waters
Mirrored the walls across where orange windows burned.
Out of the starry south provoking rumors brought us
Far promise of the spring already northward turned.

And breast drew near to breast, and round its soft desire
My arm uncertain stole and clung there unrepelled.
I thought that nevermore my heart would hover nigher
To the last flower of bliss that Nature's garden held.

There, in your beauty's sweet abandonment to pleasure,
The mute, half-open lips and tender, wondering eyes,
I saw embodied first smile back on me the treasure
Long sought across the seas and back of summer skies.

Dear face, when courted Death shall claim my limbs and find them
Laid in some desert place, alone or where the tides
Of war's tumultuous waves on the wet sands behind them
Leave rifts of gasping life when their red flood subsides.

Out of the past's remote delirious abysses
Shine forth once more as then you shone, — beloved head,
Laid back in ecstasy between our blinding kisses,
Transfigured with the bliss of being so coveted.

And my sick arms will part, and though hot fever sear it,
My mouth will curve again with the old, tender flame,
And darkness will come down, still finding in my spirit
The dream of your brief love, and on my lips your name.

ALAN SEEGER

THE VAGABOND

THE little dream she had forgot
Oh, long and long ago,
Came back across the April fields
And touched her garment so
(As might a wind-blown primrose cling
And one scarce guess or know.)

A little beggared outcast dream
Forgot of Love and men,
And all because a fiddler played
An old song in the glen,
And two Young Lovers hand in hand,
Sent back its tune again.

The little dream she had forgot
Crept near and clung and stayed —
A roving, ragged vagabond
Half daring, half afraid,
And all because young love went by
And one old fiddler played.

THEODOSIA GARRISON

THINGS LOVELIER

You cannot dream
  Things lovelier
Than the first love
  I had of her.

Nor air is any
  As magic shaken
As her breath in
  The first kiss taken

And who, in dreaming,
  Understands
Her hands stretched like
  A blind man's hands?

Open, trembling,
  Wise they were —
You cannot dream
  Things lovelier.

HUMBERT WOLFE

LONGING

COME to me in my dreams, and then
By day I shall be well again!
For then the night will more than pay
The hopeless longing of the day.

Come, as thou cam'st a thousand times,
A messenger from radiant climes,
And smile on thy new world, and be
As kind to others as to me!

Or, as thou never cam'st in sooth,
Come now, and let me dream it truth;
And part my hair, and kiss my brow,
And say: *My love! why sufferest thou?*

Come to me in my dreams, and then
By day I shall be well again!
For then the night will more than pay
The hopeless longing of the day.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

THE GRIEF

THE heart of me's an empty thing, that never stirs at all
For Moon-shine or Spring-time, or a far bird's call.
I only know 'tis living by a grief that shakes it so, —
Like an East wind in Autumn, when the old nests blow.

Grey Eyes and Black Hair, 'tis never you I blame.
'Tis long years and easy years since last I spoke your name.
And I'm long past the knife-thrust I got at wake or fair.
Or looking past the lighted door and fancying you there.

Grey Eyes and Black Hair — the grief is never this;
I've long forgot the soft arms — the first, wild kiss.
But, Oh, girl that tore my youth, — 'tis this I have to bear, —
If you were kneeling at my feet I'd neither stay nor care.

THEODOSIA GARRISON

AN IDYLL

YOU stay for a while beside me
With your beauty young and rare,
Though your light limbs are as limber, maid,
As the foal's that follows the mare.
Brow fair and young and stately
Where buds of thought have begun;
Hair bright as the breast of the eagle, maid,
When it strains up to the sun!

In the space of a broken castle
I found you upon a day,
When the call of the new-come cuckoo, maid,
Went with me all the way.
You stood by unmortised stones —
By stones rough and black with age,
The fawn beloved of the hunter, maid,
In the panther's broken cage.

And we went down together
By paths your childhood knew,

Remote you went beside me, maid,
Like the spirit of the dew:
They were hard — the hedgerows — still,
Sloe-bloom was their scanty dower,
You slipped it within your bosom, maid,
The bloom that scarce is flower;

And now you stay beside me,
With your beauty young and rare,
Though your light limbs are as limber, maid,
As the foal's that follows the mare.
Brow fair and young and stately
Where buds of thought have begun,
Hair bright as the breast of the eagle, maid,
When it strains up to the sun.

PADRAIC COLUM

I AND MY JOY

LITTLE heart within thy cage so many years — year after year —
Beating, still beating, so tenderly yearning
For Comrade love, the love which is to come —
Often near stopping, or wounded like a bird, so full of pain — thy thread of life almost snapt —
Yet with joy so wonderful over all and through all continuing —

Soon altogether shalt thou stop, little heart, and the beating and the pain shall cease;
But out of thee that life breathed into the lips of others shall never stop nor cease.
Through a thousand beautiful forms — so beautiful! — through the gates of a thousand hearts — emancipated freed we will pass on —
I and my joy will surely pass on.

EDWARD CARPENTER

IN A LATTICED BALCONY

How shall I feed thee, Beloved?
On golden-red honey and fruit.
How shall I please thee, Beloved?
With th' voice of the cymbal and lute.

How shall I garland thy tresses?
With pearls from the jessamine close.
How shall I perfume thy fingers?
With th' soul of the keora and rose.

How shall I deck thee, O Dearest?
In hues of the peacock and dove.
How shall I woo thee, O Dearest?
With th' delicate silence of love.

SAROJINI NAIDU

THE GREAT LOVER

I HAVE been so great a lover: filled my days
So proudly with the splendour of Love's praise,
The pain, the calm, and the astonishment,
Desire illimitable, and still content,
And all dear names men use, to cheat despair,
For the perplexed and viewless streams that bear
Our hearts at random down the dark of life.
Now, ere the unthinking silence on that strife
Steals down, I would cheat drowsy Death so far,
My night shall be remembered for a star
That outshone all the suns of all men's days.
Shall I not crown them with immortal praise
Whom I have loved, who have given me, dared with me
High secrets, and in darkness knelt to see
The inenarrable godhead of delight?
Love is a flame; — we have beaconed the world's night.
A city: — and we have built it, these and I.
An emperor: — we have taught the world to die.
So, for their sakes I loved, ere I go hence,
And the high cause of Love's magnificence,
And to keep loyalties young, I'll write those names
Golden forever, eagles, crying flames,
And set them as a banner, that men may know,
To dare the generations, burn, and blow
Out on the wind of Time, shining and streaming. . . .

These I have loved:
White plates and cups, clean-gleaming,
Ringed with blue lines; and feathery, faery dust;
Wet roofs, beneath the lamp-light; the strong crust
Of friendly bread; and many-tasting food;
Rainbows; and the blue bitter smoke of wood;
And radiant raindrops crouching in cool flowers;
And flowers themselves, that sway through sunny hours,
Dreaming of moths that drink them under the moon;
Then, the cool kindliness of sheets, that soon
Smooth away trouble; and the rough male kiss
Of blankets; grainy wood; live hair that is
Shining and free; blue-massing clouds; the keen
Unpassioned beauty of a great machine;
The benison of hot water; furs to touch;
The good smell of old clothes; and other such —
The comfortable smell of friendly fingers,
Hair's fragrance, and the musty reek that lingers
About dead leaves and last year's ferns....
Dear names,
And thousand other throng to me! Royal flames;
Sweet water's dimpling laugh from tap or spring;
Holes in the ground; and voices that do sing;
Voices in laughter, too; and body's pain,
Soon turned to peace; and the deep-panting train;
Firm sands; the little dulling edge of foam
That browns and dwindles as the wave goes home;

And washen stones, gay for an hour; the cold
Graveness of iron; moist black earthern mould;
Sleep; and high places; footprints in the dew;
And oaks; and brown horse-chestnuts, glossy-new;
And new-peeled sticks; and shining pools on grass; —
All these have been my loves. And these shall pass,
Whatever passes not, in the great hour,
Nor all my passion, all my prayers, have power
To hold them with me through the gate of Death.
They'll play deserter, turn with the traitor breath.
Break the high bond we made, and sell Love's trust
And sacramental covenant to the dust.
— Oh, never a doubt but, somewhere, I shall wake,
And give what's left of love again, and make
New friends, now strangers. . . .
But the best I've known,
Stays here, and changes, breaks, grows old, is blown
About the winds of the world, and fades from brains
Of living men, and dies.
Nothing remains.
O dear my loves, O faithless, once again
This one last gift I give: that after men
Shall know, and later lovers, far-removed,
Praise you, 'All these were lovely'; say, 'He loved.'

RUPERT BROOKE

Mataiea, 1914.

FROM 'BEQUEST'

Alter? When the hills do.
Falter? When the sun
Question if his glory
Be the perfect one.

Surfeit? When the daffodil
Doth of the dew:
Even as herself, O friend!
I will of you!

Emily Dickinson

'O THAT 'TWERE POSSIBLE'

O that 'twere possible
After long grief and pain
To find the arms of my true love
Round me once again!

When I was wont to meet her
In the silent woody places
Of the land that gave me birth,
We stood tranced in long embraces
Mixed with kisses sweeter, sweeter
Than anything on earth.

A shadow flits before me,
Not thou, but like to thee,
Ah, Christ, that it were possible
For one short hour to see
The souls we loved, that they might tell us
What and where they be!

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

THE MONK LAUNCELOT REMEMBERS GUENEVERE

AT the tower's base, the misty sea
Answered the murmuring northern rain:
'I shall not hear,' said Launcelot,
'The murmur of her voice again.'

He drew the monk's hood round his face,
That was so strangely worn and thin,
Not worn — God pardon him — with prayer,
But by the fierce desire within.

He cried; 'Would God that I might die,
And not remember any more.'
He loosed the Missal's brazen clasp
And turned the painted pages o'er.

With aching eyes he read the words;
To weary souls, O Lord, give rest.

But in his heart he cried: 'The Queen
In Glastonbury beats her breast,
And ceaseless penance, endless prayer,
Pale the red lips my lips have pressed.'

'And I too suffer, night by night,
In this fierce mind that sleepeth not:
A tall, pale woman slowly moves
Across a sunny garden-plot,
Or beckons me among the trees
At Carleon and Camelot;

'Or seated by the bloodless King
She glances with low-lidded eyes —
God! she is now as far from life
As silken queens on tapestries.

'What are these monkish tales to me
Of saintly lives and holy tears?
Or Mary's hands or Mary's eyes,
I who remember Guenevere's?
Lost Queen, it is to you I tell
The rosary of the sliding years.

I would die gladly could I see
Your white face in the dusk once more
Bend over me —' With trembling hands
He turned the Missal's pages o'er.

'I would die gladly could I hear
The murmur of your voice again.'
At the tower's base the misty sea
Answered his voice amid the rain.

F. P. Sturm

PERMANENCE

There is no power to change
One act, one word.
We move in time: these range
Immortal. I have heard

Egypt and her Antony,
With their love first fulfilled,
Cry out, and again cry —
Nor ever are they stilled.

And Sheba I have seen
Bare for her love her breast.
The silken Lesbian queen
Leaves nothing unconfest.

Though Helen's lips are dust
The kisses of her lips
Must burn the towers, and must
Still launch the thousand ships.

Unspaced, untimed, held fast
  Are all things done or undone.
Eternity knows no haste —
  In Babylon, or London.

Though they have never moved
  These hundred hundred years,
Their rhythm when they loved
  Lives ever, and their tears.

When your love's flight shall falter,
  Shall fall like a wounded bird,
You too cannot alter
  The said or the unsaid word.

O passion of wisdom, this
  (Helen held it for such):
You cannot unkiss that kiss,
  You cannot untouch that touch.

FRANCIS MEYNELL

THE PICTURE

(*'Venus Reclining,' by Jacopo del Sellaio*, 1442–93)

THE eyes of this dead lady speak to me,
For here was love, was not to be drowned out,
And here desire, not to be kissed away.

The eyes of this dead lady speak to me.

EZRA POUND

OF JACOPO DEL SELLAIO

This man knew out the secret ways of love,
No man could paint such things who did not know.

And now she's gone, who was his Cyprian,
And you are here, who are 'The Isles' to me.

And here's the thing that lasts the whole thing out:
The eyes of this dead lady speak to me.

Ezra Pound

UNFINISHED PORTRAIT

My love, you know that I have never used
That fluency of colour smooth and rich
Could cage you in enamel for the niche
Whose heart-shape holds you; I have been accused
Of gold and silver trickery, infused
With blood of meteors, and moonstones which
Are cold as eyeballs in a flooded ditch;
In no such goblin smithy are you bruised.

I do not glaze a lantern like a shell
Inset with stars, nor make you visible
Through jewelled arabesques which adhere to clothe

The outline of your soul; I am content
To leave you an uncaptured element;
Water, or light, or air that's stained by both.

ELINOR WYLIE

THE SANCTUARY

SHADOWED by your dear hair, your dear kind eyes
Look on wine-purple seas, whitened afar
With marble foam, where the dim islands are.
We sit forgetting. For the great pines rise
Above dark cypress to the dim white skies
So clear and black and still — to one great star.
The marble dryads and the veined white jar
Gleam from the grove. Glimmering, the white owl flies
In the dark shade. . . .
If ever life was harsh
Here we forget — or ever friends turned foes.
The sea cliffs beetle down above the marsh
And through sea-holly the black panther goes.
And in the shadows of this secret place
Your kind, dear eyes shine in your dear, dear face.

FORD MADOX FORD

PALINODE

Who is Lydia, pray, and who
Is Hypatia? Softly, dear,
Let me breathe it in your ear —
They are you, and only you.
And those other nameless two
Walking in Arcadian air —
She that was so very fair?
She that had the twilight hair? —
They were you, dear, only you.
If I speak of night or day,
Grace of fern or bloom of grape,
Hanging cloud or fountain spray,
Gem or star or glistening dew,
Or of mythologic shape,
Psyche, Pyrrha, Daphne, say —
I mean you, dear, you, just you.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich

AMATORES AMBO

The Poet to his Mistress: —
You are The Queen, but a minstrel I,
Still with my poet fancy able
Somewhat to feel, whether more or less,

What it is to be queen and proprietress
Of stately halls and the council table,
And yet, my Love, I have never seen
That moment when I have loved The Queen.

Less than regal, and how much more!
Woman of wide and gentle eyes,
While you are reigning here I sing
Fifty rods from your palace door,
Happy that I am not The King,
  And that to you
  It matters nothing what I am
  Save what I am to you.

The King to His Mistress: —
I am The King, and never you sit
Beside me high in the queenly place
To show the many how much you share
With me the burden of living, and where
We meet, just lovers face to face,
And yet, my Love, I have never seen
That moment when I have wished you queen.

Less than regal, and how much more!
Woman of warm responsive eyes,
While I am reigning will you wait
Just a step from my palace gate,

Happy when I am not your King,
And that to you
It matters nothing what I am
Save what I am to you?

NORMAN T. BOGGS

PATTERNS

I WALK down the garden-paths,
And all the daffodils
Are blowing, and the bright blue squills.
I walk down the patterned garden-paths
In my stiff, brocaded gown.
With my powdered hair and jewelled fan,
I too am a rare
Pattern. As I wander down
The garden-paths.

My dress is richly figured,
And the train
Makes a pink and silver stain
On the gravel, and the thrift
Of the borders.
Just a plate of current fashion,
Tripping by in high-heeled, ribboned shoes.
Not a softness anywhere about me,
Only whalebone and brocade.

And I sink on a seat in the shade
Of a lime tree. For my passion
Wars against the stiff brocade.
The daffodils and squills
Flutter in the breeze
As they please.
And I weep;
For the lime-tree is in blossom
And one small flower has dropped upon my bosom.

And the plashing of waterdrops
In the marble fountain
Comes down the garden-paths.
The dripping never stops.
Underneath my stiffened gown
Is the softness of a woman bathing in a marble basin,
A basin in the midst of hedges grown
So thick, she cannot see her lover hiding,
But she guesses he is near,
And the sliding of the water
Seems the stroking of a dear
Hand upon her.
What is Summer in a fine brocaded gown!
I should like to see it lying in a heap upon the ground.
All the pink and silver crumpled upon the ground.

I would be the pink and silver as I ran along the paths.
And he would stumble after,

Bewildered by my laughter.
I should see the sun flashing from his sword-hilt and the buckles
on his shoes.
I would choose
To lead him in a maze along the patterned paths,
A bright and laughing maze for my heavy-booted lover.
Till he caught me in the shade,
And the buttons of his waistcoat bruised my body as he clasped
me,
Aching, melting, unafraid.
With the shadows of the leaves and the sundrops,
And the plopping of the waterdrops,
All about us in the open afternoon —
I am very like to swoon
With the weight of this brocade,
For the sun sifts through the shade.

Underneath the fallen blossom
In my bosom,
Is a letter I have hid.
It was brought to me this morning by a rider from the Duke.
'Madam, we regret to inform you that Lord Hartwell
Died in action Thursday se'nnight.'
As I read it in the white, morning sunlight,
The letters squirmed like snakes.
'Any answer, Madam,' said my footman.
'No,' I told him.

'See that the messenger takes some refreshment.
No, no answer.'
And I walked into the garden.
Up and down the patterned paths,
In my stiff, correct brocade.
The blue and yellow flowers stood up proudly in the sun,
Each one.
I stood upright too,
Held rigid to the pattern
By the stiffness of my gown.
Up and down I walked,
Up and down.

In a month he would have been my husband.
In a month, here, underneath this lime,
We would have broke the pattern;
He for me, and I for him,
He as Colonel, I as Lady,
On this shady seat.
He had a whim
That sunlight carried blessing.
And I answered, 'It shall be as you have said.'
Now he is dead.

In Summer and in Winter I shall walk
Up and down
The patterned garden-paths
In my stiff, brocaded gown.

The squills and daffodils
Will give place to pillared roses, and to asters, and to snow.

I shall go
Up and down,
In my gown.
Gorgeously arrayed,
Boned and stayed.
And the softness of my body will be guarded from embrace
By each button, hook, and lace.
For the man who should loose me is dead,
Fighting with the Duke in Flanders,
In a pattern called a war.
Christ! What are patterns for?

AMY LOWELL

SONNET

WHEN you, that at this moment are to me
Dearer than words on paper, shall depart,
And be no more the warder of my heart,
Whereof again myself shall hold the key;
And be no more — what now you seem to be —
The sun, from which all excellences start
In a round nimbus, nor a broken dart
Of moonlight, even, splintered on the sea;
I shall remember only of this hour —

And weep somewhat, as now you see me weep —
The pathos of your love, that, like a flower,
Fearful of death yet amorous of sleep,
Droops for a moment and beholds, dismayed,
The wind whereon its petals shall be laid.

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

SONG

THE night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.

FRANCIS WILLIAM BOURDILLON

ALMS

MY heart is what it was before,
A house where people come and go;
But it is winter with your love,
The sashes are beset with snow.

I light the lamp and lay the cloth,
I blow the coals to blaze again;

But it is winter with your love,
The frost is thick upon the pane.

I know a winter when it comes:
The leaves are listless on the boughs;
I watched your love a little while,
And brought my plants into the house.

I water them and turn them south,
I snap the dead brown from the stem;
But it is winter with your love, —
I only tend and water them.

There was a time I stood and watched
The small, ill-natured sparrows' fray;
I loved the beggar that I fed,
I cared for what he had to say,

I stood and watched him out of sight;
To-day I reach around the door
And set a bowl upon the step;
My heart is what it was before,

But it is winter with your love;
I scatter crumbs upon the sill,
And close the window, — and the birds
May take or leave them, as they will.

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

THE DOOR

Love is a proud and gentle thing, a better thing to own
Than all of the wide impossible stars over the heavens blown,
And the little gifts her hand gives are careless given or taken,
And though the whole great world break, the heart of her is not shaken . . .
Love is a viol in the wind, a viol never stilled,
And mine of all is the surest that ever time has willed.
I shall speak to her though she goes before me into the grave,
And though I drown in the sea, herself shall laugh upon a wave;
And the things that love gives after shall be as they were before,
For life is only a small house . . . and love is an open door.

Orrick Johns

THE ROAD TO KÉRITY

Do you remember the two old people we passed on the road to Kérity,
Resting their sack on the stones by the drenched wayside,
Looking at us with their lightless eyes through the driving rain, and then out again
To the rocks, and the long white line of the tide:
Frozen ghosts that were children once, husband and wife, father and mother,

Looking at us with those frozen eyes; have you ever seen anything quite so chilled or so old?
But we — with our arms about each other,
We did not feel the cold!

CHARLOTTE MEW

SHULE, SHULE, SHULE, AGRAH!

His face was glad as dawn to me,
His breath was sweet as dusk to me,
His eyes were burning flames to me,
Shule, Shule, Shule, agrah.

The broad noon-day was night to me,
The full-moon night was dark to me,
The stars whirled and the poles span
The hour God took him far from me.

Perhaps he dreams in heaven now,
Perhaps he doth in worship bow,
A white flame round his foam-white brow,
Shule, Shule, Shule, agrah!

I laugh to think of him like this,
Who once found all his joy and bliss
Against my heart, against my kiss,
Shule, Shule, Shule, agrah!

Star of my joy, art still the same
Now thou hast gotten a new name?
Pulse of my heart, my Blood, my Flame,
Shule, Shule, Shule, agrah!

FIONA MACLEOD
(WILLIAM SHARP)

SHE MOVED THROUGH THE FAIR

My young love said to me, 'My brothers won't mind,
And my parents won't slight you for your lack of kind.'
Then she stepped away from me, and this she did say,
'It will not be long, love, till our wedding day.'

She stepped away from me and she moved through the fair,
And fondly I watched her go here and go there,
Then she went her way homeward with one star awake,
As the swan in the evening moves over the lake.

The people were saying no two were e'er wed
But one had a sorrow that never was said,
And I smiled as she passed with her goods and her gear,
And that was the last I saw of my dear.

I dreamt it last night that my young love came in,
So softly she entered her feet made no din;
She came close beside me, and this she did say,
'It will not be long, love, till our wedding day.'

PADRAIC COLUM

MACHREE

Pray come and interpret this Gaelic for me,
And tell what an Irishman means by 'Machree?'
'Tis the white of the day and the warmth of the sun;
The ripple of waters that laughingly run;
The sweet bloom of youth, the harvest of years;
The gold of all smiles and the salt of all tears;
'Tis the thrill of the hand and the light of the eye;
The glow of the cheek and the lip's parting cry;
'Tis mother; 'tis father; 'tis children and wife.
The music of woman's, the wine of man's, life;
'Tis all that he lives for and hopes for above;
'Tis an Irishman's heart making vocal his love;
The whole of creation and one isle in the sea; —
And that's what an Irishman means by "Machree."'

Francis P. Donnelly, S.J.

HER REFRAIN

'Do you love me?' she said, when the skies were blue,
And we walked where the stream through the branches glistened;
And I told and retold her my love was true,
While she listened and smiled, and smiled and listened.

'Do you love me?' she whispered, when days were drear,
And her eyes searched mine with a patient yearning;

And I kissed her, renewing the words so dear,
While she listened and smiled, as if slowly learning.

'Do you love me?' she asked, when we sat at rest
By the stream enshadowed with autumn glory;
Her cheek had been laid as in peace on my breast,
But she raised it to ask for the sweet old story.

And I said: 'I will tell her the tale again —
I will swear by the earth and the stars above me!'
And I told her that uttermost time should prove
The fervor and faith of my perfect love;
And I vowed it and pledged it that nought should move;
While she listened and smiled in my face, and then
She whispered once more, 'Do you truly love me?'

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY

SHE GRIEVES IN THE DUSK

AH, he was white and slender
And the lamplight turned him gold
And his groping hand was tender
And his kisses never bold.
How shall I sleep through the long, long nights
In my wide cold-sheeted bed,
Hearing the wild geese crying in their flight,
And me afraid,

And him not by to turn and hold me to his heart
In the way he knew,
And me no longer folded to his heart,
Thinking him true!

WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY

SHE WEEPS OVER RAHOON

RAIN on Rahoon falls softly, softly falling
Where my dark lover lies.
Sad is his voice that calls me, sadly calling
At grey moonrise.

Love, hear thou
How desolate the heart is, ever calling,
Ever unanswered — and the dark rain falling
Then as now.

Dark too our hearts, O love, shall lie, and cold
As his sad heart has lain
Under the moon-grey nettles, the black mould
And muttering rain.

JAMES JOYCE

You must mean more than just this hour,
You perfect thing so subtly fair,
Simple and complex as a flower,
Wrought with such planetary care;
How patient the eternal power
That wove the marvel of your hair.

How long the sunlight and the sea
Wove and re-wove this rippling gold
To rhythms of eternity;
And many a flashing thing grew old,
Waiting this miracle to be;
And painted marvels manifold,

Still with his work unsatisfied,
Eager each new effect to try,
The solemn artist cast aside,
Rainbow and shell and butterfly,
As some stern blacksmith scatters wide
The sparks that from his anvil fly.

How many shells, whorl within whorl,
Litter the marges of the sphere
With wrack of unregarded pearl,
To shape that little thing your ear:

Creation, just to make one girl,
  Hath travailed with exceeding fear.

The moonlight of forgotten seas
  Dwells in your eyes, and on your tongue
The honey of a million bees,
  And all the sorrows of all song:
You are the ending of all these,
  The world grew old to make you young.

All time hath traveled to this rose;
  To the strange making of this face
Came agonies of fires and snows;
  And Death and April, nights and days
Unnumbered, unimagined throes,
  Find in this flower their meeting place.

Strange artist, to my aching thought
  Give answer: all the patient power
That to this perfect ending wrought,
  Shall it mean nothing but an hour?
Say not that it is all for nought
  Time brings Eternity a flower.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

THE POET DESCRIBES HIS LOVE

So tall she is, and slender, and so fair,
So like a child for play, a queen for grace,
So pale and proud she is, with that bright hair
Blown in a storm of gold about her face;
So gay she is, and with such pretty words,
So like a thrush for making a sweet note,
And then her hands, like little anxious birds —
My heart to watch her trembles in my throat.
So that I am all wonder to behold her,
I being I, she being what she is,
And dare in reverence alone to fold her,
And touch her cheek and forehead with a kiss;
All loveliness she is, the whole world over,
All joy, all grief, all beauty to her lover.

ROBERT NATHAN

JACQUEMINOTS

I MAY not speak in words, dear, but let my words be flowers,
To tell their crimson secret in leaves of fragrant fire;
They plead for smiles and kisses as summer fields for showers,
And every purple veinlet thrills with exquisite desire.

O, let me see the glance, dear, the gleam of soft confession
You give my amorous roses for the tender hope they prove;

And press their heart-leaves back, love, to drink their deeper passion,
For their sweetest, wildest perfume is the whisper of my love!

My roses, tell her, pleading, all the fondness and the sighing,
All the longing of a heart that reaches thirsting for its bliss;
And tell her, tell her, roses, that my lips and eyes are dying
For the melting of her love-look and the rapture of her kiss.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY

IGNORANCE

SINCE I have learned Love's shining alphabet,
And spelled in ink what's writ in me in flame,
And borne her sacred image richly set
Here in my heart to keep me quit of shame;

Since I have learned how wise and passing wise
Is the dear friend whose beauty I extol,
And know how sweet a soul looks through the eyes,
That are so pure a window to her soul;

Since I have learned how rare a woman shows
As much in all she does as in her looks,

And seen the beauty of her shame the rose,
And dim the beauty writ about in books;

All I have learned, and can learn, shows me this —
How scant, how slight, my knowledge of her is.

JOHN MASEFIELD

TOO YOUNG FOR LOVE

Too young for love?
Ah, say not so!
Tell reddening rose-buds not to blow!
Wait not for spring to pass away, —
Love's summer months begin with May!
Too young for love?
Ah, say not so!
Too young? Too young?
Ah, no! no! no!

Too young for love?
Ah, say not so,
To practise all love learned in May.
June soon will come with lengthened day
While daisies bloom and tulips glow!
Too young for love?
Ah, say not so!
Too young? Too young?
Ah, no! no! no!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

AFTER TWO YEARS

She is all so slight
And tender and white
  As a May morning.
She walks without hood
At dusk. It is good
  To hear her sing.

It is God's will
That I shall love her still
  As He loves Mary.
And night and day
I will go forth to pray
  That she love me.

She is as gold
Lovely, and far more cold.
  Do thou pray with me,
For if I win grace
To kiss twice her face
  God has done well to me.

Richard Aldington

BROWN AS ANY THRUSH IS

Brown as any thrush is,
Deep-eyes, clear,
O, I do adore her,
My own heart's dear.
She's sweet as brooks in rushes,
And orchards in the Spring,
But young, so young, 'twould be like pain
To tell her such a thing.

I'd long to do the great things
Would make her name to shine,
Like lovely Mary Morrison's,
Breathlessly divine;
To make one song that should not die
How her young breast is snow,
But O, to hear, would make her cry,
She would not have it so.

She'd want my two hands only
To hold her heart between,
Nor any other's thought to touch
The loves that on it lean
Like little robins, red and brown,
Upon a hidden bough,
And apple trees the only town
To gossip of our vow.

Pierson Underwood

A LOVE SYMPHONY

Along the garden ways just now
I heard the flowers speak;
The white rose told me of your brow,
The red rose of your cheek;
The lily of your bended head,
The bindweed of your hair:
Each looked its loveliest and said
You were more fair.

I went into the wood anon,
And heard the wild birds sing
How sweet you were; they warbled on,
Piped, trilled the self-same thing.
Thrush, blackbird, linnet, without pause,
The burden did repeat,
And still began again because
You were more sweet.

And then I went down to the sea,
And heard it murmuring too,
Part of an ancient mystery,
All made of me and you.
How many a thousand years ago
I loved, and you were sweet —
Longer I could not stay, and so
I fled back to your feet.

Arthur O'Shaughnessy

I SHALL MAKE BEAUTY

I SHALL make beauty out of many things:
Lights, colours, motions, sky and earth and sea,
The soft unbosoming of all the springs
Which that inscrutable hand allows to me,
Odours of flowers, sounds of smitten strings,
The voice of many a wind in many a tree,
Fields, rivers, moors, swift feet and floating wings,
Rocks, caves, and hills that stand and clouds that flee.

Men also and women, beautiful and dear,
Shall come and pass and leave a fragrant breath;
And my own heart, laughter and pain and fear,
The majesties of evil and of death;
But never, never shall any verses trace
The loveliness of your most lovely face.

J. C. SQUIRE

'AH, LOVE, BUT A DAY'

AH, Love, but a day
And the world has changed!
The sun's away,
And the bird estranged;
The wind has dropped,
And the sky's deranged:
Summer has stopped.

Look in my eyes!
  Wilt thou change too?
Should I fear surprise?
  Shall I find aught new
In the old and dear,
  In the good and true,
With the changing year?

Thou art a man,
  But I am thy love,
For the lake, its swan;
  For the dell its dove;
And for thee — (oh, haste!)
  Me, to bend above,
Me, to hold embraced.

ROBERT BROWNING

THE HAPPY HOUR

H.L.A.L.; with penknife deep embedded,
  He carved the letters on the ancient stile.
Harry and Alice, rural lovers wedded,
  Stayed and were happy here a little while.

Along the dykes they walked, while the sun wested
  In the warm summer evening, and so it was
That Harry stood and carved, while Alice rested,
  Among the knapweed and the tall bleached grass.

Blue shone the tide, the swallows skimmed and darted,
White gulls passed slowly, redshanks made their cry;
The wheat was newly cut, the beans were carted,
And haystacks golden-rooved against the sky.

Pale gold the oaten stooks above the clover,
Too still the air to lift the thistledown,
Sometimes a curlew cried, sometimes a plover;
And evening fulness grew, and the sun shone.

And stretched long shadows on the yellow stubble;
While Harry set his oriflamme to prove
That, in a world called sad and full of trouble,
Two people once were happy, being in love.

SYLVIA LYND

FRAGMENT

.... THAT night I loved you
in the candlelight.
Your golden hair
strewed the whiteness of the pillows
and the counterpane.
O the darkness of the corners,
the warm air, and the stars
framed in the casement of the ships' lights!

The waves lapped into the harbour;
the boats creaked;
a man's voice sang out on the quay;
and you loved me.
In your love were the tall tree fuchsias,
the blue of the hortensias, the scarlet nasturtiums,
the trees on the hills,
the roads we had covered,
and the sea that had borne your body
before the rocks of Hartland.
You loved me with these
and with the kindness of people,
country folk, sailors and fishermen,
and the old lady who had lodged us and supped us.
You loved me with yourself
that was these and more,
changed as the earth is changed
into the bloom of flowers.

F. S. Flint

SONNET

Why should you be astonished that my heart,
Plunged for so long in darkness and in dearth,
Should be revived by you, and stir and start
As by warm April now, reviving Earth?

I am the field of undulating grass
And you the gentle perfumed breath of Spring,
And all my lyric being, when you pass,
Is bowed and filled with sudden murmuring.
I asked you nothing and expected less,
But, with that deep, impassioned tenderness
Of one approaching what he most adores,
I only wished to lose a little space
All thought of my own life, and in its place
To live and dream and have my joy in yours.

ALAN SEEGER

THE PLEDGE

WHITE doves of Cytherea, by your quest
Across the blue Heaven's bluest highest air,
And by your certain homing to Love's breast,
Still to be true and ever true — I swear.

ADELAIDE CRAPSEY

IMAGES

I

THROUGH the dark pine trunks
Silver and yellow gleam the clouds
And the sun;
The sea is faint purple.
My love, my love, I shall never reach you.

II

You are beautiful
As a straight red fox-glove
Among green plants;
I stretched out my hand to caress you:
It is blistered by the envious nettles.

III

I have spent hours this morning
Seeking in the brook
For a clear pebble
To remind me of your eyes.

And all the sleepless hours of night
I think of you.

IV

Your kisses are poignant,
Ah! why must I leave you?

Here alone I, scribble and re-scribble
The words of a long-dead Greek poet:
'Love, thou art terrible,
Ah, Love, thou art bitter-sweet!'

RICHARD ALDINGTON

FROM 'GITANJALI'

YES, I know, this is nothing but thy
love, O beloved of my heart — this golden
light that dances upon the leaves, these
idle clouds sailing across the sky, this
passing breeze leaving its coolness upon
my forehead.

The morning light has flooded my
eyes — this is thy message to my heart.
Thy face is bent from above, thy eyes
look down on my eyes, and my heart
has touched thy feet.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

LOVE HAS SHINING EYES

I HAD read, and had been told
By the bitter young and the brave scarred old, —
'Love is a great and terrible thing.
A thorn-crown and a struggling.
Love is keen and cruel and deep.
Love will make you weep.' . . .

I loved you, and I knew your road
Was mine, however strange it showed.

Yet I thought, 'I go to a wound,
A cross, a battle' . . . This I found, —
That April sun on a wet hill-slope,
And the sea-wind's challenging and quest,
And a child's eyes, and a dream's hope,
And after the day's work, long, long rest, —
And a flame of wonder, far and sure,
And a singing quietness . . . all these
Are less than the least you make secure
Of life's bright longings and mysteries. . . .

I shall say, 'They lied! They lied!
Look! Am I broken and crucified?
Love is a great proud glistening thing,
A trumpet-cry and a triumphing.
And Love is quiet and close and wise.
Love has shining eyes.'

Why has their sorrow more right to cry
What Love is than I? . . . than I? . . .

FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS

THE GHOST

I WENT back to the clanging city,
I went back where my old loves stayed,
But my heart was full of my new love's glory,
My eyes were laughing and unafraid.

I met one who had loved me madly
And told his love for all to hear —
But we talked of a thousand things together,
The past was buried too deep to fear.

I met the other, whose love was given
With never a kiss and scarcely a word —
Oh, it was then the terror took me
Of words unuttered that breathed and stirred.

Oh, love that lives its life with laughter
Or love that lives its life with tears
Can die — but love that is never spoken
Goes like a ghost through the winding years . . .

I went back to the clanging city,
I went back where my old loves stayed,
My heart was full of my new love's glory, —
But my eyes were suddenly afraid.

SARA TEASDALE

'RENCONTRE'

OH, was I born too soon, my dear, or were you born too late,
That I am going out the door while you come in the gate?
For you the garden blooms galore, the castle is *en fête;*
You are the coming guest, my dear, — for me the horses wait.

I know the mansion well, my dear, its rooms so rich and wide;
If you had only come before I might have been your guide,
And hand in hand with you explore the treasures that they hide;
But you have come to stay, my dear, and I prepare to ride.

Then walk with me an hour, my dear, and pluck the reddest rose
Amid the white and crimson store with which your garden glows, —
A single rose, — I ask no more of what your love bestows;
It is enough to give, my dear, — a flower to him who goes.

The House of Life is yours, my dear, for many and many a day,
But I must ride the lonely shore, the Road to Far Away:
So bring the stirrup-cup and pour a brimming draught, I pray,
And when you take the road, my dear, I'll meet you on the way.

HENRY VAN DYKE

NO TIME LIKE THE OLD TIME

THERE is no time like the old time, when you and I were young,
When the buds of April blossomed, and the birds of spring-time sung!
The garden's brightest glories by summer suns are nursed,
But oh, the sweet, sweet violets, the flowers that opened first!

There is no place like the old place, where you and I were born,
Where we lifted first our eyelids on the splendors of the morn

From the milk-white breast that warmed us, from the clinging arms that bore,
Where the dear eyes glistened o'er us that will look on us no more!

There is no friend like the old friend, who has shared our morning days,
No greeting like his welcome, no homage like his praise:
Fame is the scentless sunflower, with gaudy crown of gold;
But friendship is the breathing rose, with sweets in every fold.

There is no love like the old love, that we courted in our pride;
Though our leaves are falling, falling, and we're fading side by side,
There are blossoms all around us with the colors of our dawn,
And we live in borrowed sunshine when the day-star is withdrawn.

There are no times like the old times, — they shall never be forgot!
There is no place like the old place, — keep green the dear old spot!
There are no friends like our old friends, — may Heaven prolong their lives!
There are no loves like our old loves, — God bless our loving wives!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

LOVE'S TRAPPIST

THERE is a place where lute and lyre are broken,
Where scrolls are torn and on a wild wind go,
Where tablets stand wiped naked for a token,
Where laurels wither and the daisies grow.

Lo: I too join the brotherhood of silence,
I am Love's Trappist and you ask in vain,
For man through Love's gate, even as through Death's gate,
Goeth alone and comes not back again.

Yet here I pause, look back across the threshold,
Cry to my brethren, though the world be old,
Prophets and sages, questioners and doubters,
O world, old world, the best hath ne'er been told!

GILBERT K. CHESTERTON

TO A WOMAN WHO HAS GAINED PEACE

I DID not know you, but I think your youth
Could not have been more beautiful than the age
That proves you gracious, who have read the truth,
And read it to your image. The turned page
Is turned for kinder vision, and your eyes
Are not less bright for having filled with tears.
Now in your heart the peace of wisdom lies
Where love and sorrow lay so many years.

I worship you, would have worshipped you then
With passionate love, but not as now, a queen
Who walks with stately quiet to make men
Bow to the good in women. But what you have seen
I can but vaguely ponder . . . Things that I
May love, and yet not know, until I die?

EDWARD STEESE

SELECTION FROM 'THE SUNLIT HOURS'

REMEMBERING thy gracious gift to me,
So simple, so profound,
My wondering heart is lost in prayer to thee.
How long it seemed before
I, groping, found
And knocked at thy heart's door;
And from how far I came at last to thee
Whose hands were stretched in silent search for me.
My heart was eaten by corroding rust
That preyed upon my strength,
Defiled my trust;
I was weary, I was old with long mistrust,
I sickened of the roadway's empty length.
When thy feet wandered into my life's way
They brought a joy so exquisite to me
That, trembling and in tears, I can but stay
To worship silently.

EMILE VERHAEREN

THE WIFE

She rose to his requirement, dropped
The playthings of her life
To take the honorable work
Of woman and of wife.

If aught she missed in her new day
Of amplitude, or awe,
Or first prospective, or the gold
In using wore away,

It lay unmentioned, as the sea
Develops pearl and weed,
But only to himself is known
The fathoms they abide.

Emily Dickinson

EVENING SONG

Look off, dear Love, across the sallow sands,
And mark yon meeting of the sun and sea,
How long they kiss in sight of all the lands,
Ah! longer, longer, we.

Now in the sea's red vintage melts the sun,
As Egypt's pearl dissolved in rosy wine,

And Cleopatra night drinks all. 'Tis done,
Love, lay thine hand in mine.

Come forth, sweet stars, and comfort heaven's heart;
Glimmer, ye waves, round else unlighted sands.
O night! divorce our sun and sky apart
Never our lips, our hands.

SIDNEY LANIER

TO PETRONELLA AT SEA

To the remotest verges of the sea,
Unto ends of night following day
There shall no refuge be for you and me
Who haste away.

Beyond the furthest stretches of the foam,
Beyond the last horizon of the sky
For you and me: for you and me, no home
Waits, quietly.

But in the deep remoteness of the heart,
In the deep secret chambers of the mind,
Hidden, unchanging, secret, set apart —
Beyond the whitest surges of the foam,
Beyond the limitless verges of the wind,
In the deep, tender, quiet places of the heart:
Lo! you, enshrined.

FORD MADOX FORD

PROTHALAMION

When the evening came my love said to me:
Let us go into the garden now that the sky is cool;
The garden of black hellebore and rosemary,
Where wild woodruff spills in a milky pool.

Low we passed in the twilight, for the wavering heat
Of day had waned; and round that shaded plot
Of secret beauty the thickets clustered sweet:
Here is heaven, our hearts whispered, but our lips spake not.

Between that old garden and seas of lazy foam
Gloomy and beautiful alleys of trees arise
With spire of cypress and dreamy beechen dome,
So dark that our enchanted sight knew nothing but the skies:

Veiled with a soft air, drench'd in the roses' musk
Or the dusky, dark carnation's breath of clove:
No stars burned in their deeps, but through the dusk
I saw my love's eyes, and they were brimmed with love.

No star their secret ravished, no wasting moon
Mocked the sad transience of those eternal hours:
Only the soft, unseeing heaven of June,
The ghosts of great trees, and the sleeping flowers.

For doves that crooned in the leafy noonday now
Were silent; the night-jar sought his secret covers,
Nor even a mild sea-whisper moved a creaking bough —
Was ever a silence deeper made for lovers?

Was ever a moment meeter made for love?
Beautiful are your closed lips beneath my kiss;
And all your yielding sweetness beautiful —
Oh, never in all the world was such a night as this!

FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG

THE PORCH OF STARS

As in a porch of stars we stand; the night
Throbs through us, O Love, with its worlds of light,
And mingles us in glory of one breath,
One infinite ignorance of Time and Death.
Behold, I am dyed in thee, and thou in me;
We are the colours of infinity,
We are two flames that are one flame,
We are but Love, and have no name.
But did we part, O Love, if we could part,
The very blood were taken from my heart,
Time and Death would ride the night
Then, and ended were all light,

The stream of stars would fall like stone
And heaven's utmost height be darkened,
And we be lost, like dust that's blown,
Like a cry, where none has hearkened.

LAURENCE BINYON

'LOVE AND THE STARS'

On the stars thou gazest, my star; would I were heaven, that I might look on thee with many eyes.

PLATO (MACKAIL)

ON such a night did Plato stand
Upon a strip of silver sand
Beside the blue Ægean sea,
And watch the golden stars wheel high
Into the darkly glowing sky
That arches over you and me?

Or did he note the radiant show
From some dim temple portico,
High on a hill above the tide;
Till, tired of tracking starry space,
He sought the youthful dreaming face
Of one there standing at his side?

So I seek yours, whose soul, intent,
Makes the night's silence eloquent,

And brings new worlds within my ken;
When, lo, my spirit, soaring far,
Longs to look down from every star,
And Plato's poem is born again.

WILLIAM ASPENWALL BRADLEY

THE GIVER OF STARS

HOLD your soul open for my welcoming.
Let the quiet of your spirit bathe me
With its clear and rippled coolness,
That, loose-limbed and weary, I find rest,
Outstretched upon your peace, as on a bed of ivory.

Let the flickering flame of your soul play all about me,
That into my limbs may come the keenness of fire,
The life and joy of tongues of flame,
And, going out from you, tightly strung and in tune,
I may rouse the blear-eyed world,
And pour into it the beauty which you have begotten.

AMY LOWELL

MEETING AT NIGHT

THE gray sea and the long black land;
And the yellow half-moon large and low;
And the startled little waves that leap
In fiery ringlets from their sleep,

As I gain the cove with pushing prow,
And quench its speed i' the slushy sand.

Then a mile of warm sea-scented beach;
Three fields to cross till a farm appears;
A tap at the pane, the quick sharp scratch
And blue spurt of a lighted match,
And a voice less loud, through its joys and fears,
Than the two hearts beating each to each!

ROBERT BROWNING

LOVE AMONG THE RUINS

WHERE the quiet-colored end of evening smiles
Miles and miles
On the solitary pastures where our sheep
Half-asleep
Tinkle homeward through the twilight, stray or stop
As they crop —
Was the site once of a city great and gay,
(So they say)
Of our country's very capital, its prince
Ages since
Held his court in, gathered councils, wielding far
Peace or war.

Now, — the country does not even boast a tree,
As you see,

To distinguish slopes of verdure, certain rills
From the hills
Intersect and give a name to, (else they run
Into one,)
Where the domed and daring palace shot its spires
Up like fires
O'er the hundred-gated circuit of a wall
Bounding all,
Made of marble, men might march on nor be pressed,
Twelve abreast.

And such plenty and perfection, see, of grass
Never was!
Such a carpet as, this summer-time, o'erspreads
And embeds
Every vestige of the city, guessed alone,
Stock or stone —
Where a multitude of men breathed joy and woe
Long ago;
Lust of glory pricked their hearts up, dread of shame
Struck them tame;
And that glory and that shame alike, the gold
Bought and sold.

Now, — the single little turret that remains
On the plains,
By the caper overrooted, by the gourd
Overscored,

While the patching houseleek's head of blossom winks
Through the chinks —
Marks the basement whence a tower in ancient time
Sprang sublime,
And a burning ring, all round, the chariots traced
As they raced,
And the monarch and his minions and his dames
Viewed the games.

And I know, while thus the quiet-colored eve
Smiles to leave
To their folding, all our many-tinkling fleece
In such peace,
And the slopes and rills in undistinguished gray
Melt away —
That a girl with eager eyes and yellow hair
Waits me there
In the turret whence the charioteers caught soul
For the goal,
When the king looked, where she looks now, breathless, dumb
Till I come.

But he looked upon the city, every side,
Far and wide,
All the mountains topped with temples, all the glades'
Colonnades,

All the causeys, bridges, aqueducts, — and then,
All the men!
When I do come, she will speak not, she will stand
Either hand
On my shoulder, give her eyes the first embrace
Of my face,
Ere we rush, ere we extinguish sight and speech
Each on each.

In one year they sent a million fighters forth
South and North,
And they built their gods a brazen pillar high
As the sky,
Yet reserved a thousand chariots in full force —
Gold, of course.
Oh heart! oh blood that freezes, blood that burns!
Earth's returns
For whole centuries of folly, noise and sin!
Shut them in,
With their triumphs and their glories and the rest!
Love is best.

ROBERT BROWNING

RENOUNCEMENT

I MUST not think of thee; and, tired yet strong,
I shun the thought that lurks in all delight —
The thought of thee — and in the blue Heaven's height,
And in the sweetest passage of a song.

Oh, just beyond the fairest thoughts that throng
This breast, the thought of thee waits, hidden yet bright;
But it must never, never come in sight;
I must stop short of thee the whole day long.

But when sleep comes to close each difficult day,
When night gives pause to the long watch I keep,
And all my bands I needs must loose apart,

Must doff my will as raiment laid away, —
With the first dream that comes with the first sleep
I run, I run, I am gathered to thy heart.

ALICE MEYNELL

SELECTIONS FROM 'IN MEMORIAM'

Is it, then, regret for buried time
That keenlier in sweet April wakes,
And meets the year, and gives and takes
The colours of the crescent prime?

Not all: the songs, the stirring air,
  The life re-orient out of dust,
  Cry thro' the sense to hearten trust
In that which made the world so fair.

Not all regret: the face will shine
  Upon me, while I muse alone;
  And that dear voice, I once have known,
Still speak to me of me and mine:

Yet less of sorrow lives in me
  For days of happy commune dead;
  Less yearning for the friendship fled,
Than some strong bond which is to be.

. . . . . .

If Sleep and Death be truly one,
  And every spirit's folded bloom
  Thro' all its intervital gloom
In some long trance should slumber on;

Unconscious of the sliding hour,
  Bare of the body, might it last,
  And silent traces of the past
Be all the colour of the flower:

So then were nothing lost to man;
  So that still garden of the souls
  In many a figured leaf enrolls
The total world since life began;

And love will last as pure and whole
As when he loved me here in Time,
And at the spiritual prime
Rewaken with the dawning soul.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

PROOF

THAT I did always love,
I bring thee proof:
That till I loved
I did not love enough.

That I shall love alway,
I offer thee
That love is life,
And life hath immortality.

This, dost thou doubt, sweet?
Then have I
Nothing to show
But Calvary.

EMILY DICKINSON

TO A DISTANT ONE

THROUGH wild by-ways I come to you, my love,
Nor ask of those I meet the surest way,
What way I turn I cannot go astray
And miss you in my life. Though Fate may prove
A tardy guide she will not make delay
Leading me through strange seas and distant lands,
I'm coming still, though slowly, to your hands.
We'll meet one day.

There is so much to do, so little done,
In my life's space that I perforce did leave
Love at the moonlit trysting-place to grieve
Till fame and other little things were won.
I have missed much that I shall not retrieve,
Far will I wander yet with much to do.
Much will I spurn before I yet meet you,
So fair I can't deceive.

Your name is in the whisper of the woods
Like Beauty calling for a poet's song
To one whose harp had suffered many a wrong
In the lean hands of Pain. And when the broods
Of flower eyes waken all the streams along
In tender whiles, I feel most near to you: —
Oh, when we meet there shall be sun and blue
Strong as the spring is strong.

FRANCIS LEDWIDGE

HEART'S WILD-FLOWER

To-night her lids shall lift again, slow, soft, with vague desire,
And lay about my breast and brain their hush of spirit fire,
And I shall take the sweet of pain as the laborer his hire.

And though no word shall e'er be said to ease the ghostly sting,
And though our hearts, unhoused, unfed, must still go wandering,
My sign is set upon her head while stars do meet and sing.

Not such a sign as women wear who make their foreheads tame
With life's long tolerance, and bear love's sweetest, humblest name,
Nor such as passion eateth bare with its crown of tears and flame.

Nor such a sign as happy friend sets on his friend's dear brow
When meadow-pipings break and blend to a key of autumn woe,
And the woodland says playtime's at end, best unclasp hands and go.

But where she strays, through blight or blooth, one fadeless flower she wears,
A little gift God gave my youth, — whose petals dim were fears,
Awes, adorations, songs of ruth, hesitancies, and tears.

O heart of mine, with all thy powers of white beatitude,
What are the dearest of God's dowers to the children of his blood?
How blow the shy, shy wilding flowers in the hollows of his wood!

William Vaughn Moody

THE TRAVELLERS

Was it not strange that by the tideless sea
The jar and hurry of our lives should cease?
That under olive boughs we found our peace,
And all the world's great song in Italy?

Is it not strange though Peace herself has wings
And long ago has gone her separate ways,
On through the tumult of our fretful days
From Life to Death the great song chimes and rings?

In that sad day shall then the singing fail,
Shall Life go down in silence at the end,
And in the darkness friend be lost to friend,
And all our love and dreams of no avail.

You whose Love's melody makes glad the gloom
Of a long labour and a patient strife,
Is not the music greater than our life?
Shall not a little song outlast that doom?

Eva Gore-Booth

SONG

Love within the lover's breast
Burns like Hesper in the west,
O'er the ashes of the sun,
Till the day and night are done;

Then when dawn drives up her car —
Lo! it is the morning star.

Love! thy love pours down on mine
As the sunlight on the vine,
As the snow-rill on the vale,
As the salt breeze in the sail;
As the song unto the bird,
On my lips thy name is heard.

As a dewdrop on the rose
In thy heart my passion glows,
As a skylark to the sky
Up into thy breast I fly;
As a sea-shell of the sea
Ever shall I sing of thee.

GEORGE MEREDITH

SELECTION FROM 'ENSLAVED'

ALL early in the April, when daylight comes at five,
I went into the garden most glad to be alive;
The thrushes and the blackbirds were singing in the thorn,
The April flowers were singing for joy of being born.

I smelt the dewy morning come blowing through the woods
Where all the wilding cherries do toss their snowy snoods;

I thought of the running water where sweet white violets grow.
I said: 'I'll pick them for her, because she loves them so.'

So in the dewy morning I turned to climb the hill,
Beside the running water whose tongue is never still.
Oh, delicate green and dewy were all the budding trees;
The blue dog-violets grew there, and many primroses.

Out of the wood I wandered, but paused upon the heath
To watch, beyond the tree-tops, the wrinkled sea beneath;
Its blueness and its stillness were trembling as it lay
In the old un-autumned beauty that never goes away.

And the beauty of the water brought my love into my mind,
Because all sweet love is beauty, and the loved thing turns to kind;
And I thought, 'It is a beauty spread for setting of your grace,
O white violet of a woman with the April in your face.'

So I gathered the white violets where young men pick them still,
And I turned to cross the woodland to her house beneath the hill,
And I thought of her delight in the flowers that I brought her,
Bright like sunlight, sweet like singing, cool like running of the water.

JOHN MASEFIELD

SONG

Who goes amid the green wood
With springtide all adorning her?
Who goes amid the merry green wood
To make it merrier?

Who passes in the sunlight
By ways that know the light footfall?
Who passes in the sweet sunlight
With mien so virginal?

The ways of all the woodland
Gleam with a soft and golden fire —
For whom does all the sunny woodland
Carry so brave attire?

O, it is for my true love
The woods their rich apparel wear —
O, it is for my own true love,
That is so young and fair.

James Joyce

A SONG FROM OLD SPAIN

What song of mine will live?
On whose lips will the words be sung
Long years after I am forgotten —

A name blown between the hills
Where some goat-herd
Remembers my love and passion?

He will sing of your beauty and my love,
Though it may be in another tongue,
To a strange tune,
In a country beyond the seas —
A seed blown by the wind —
He will sing of our love and passion.

ALICE CORBIN

A PASTORAL

OHO, my love, oho, my love, and ho, the bough that shows,
Against the grayness of mid-Lent the color of the rose!
The lights of Spring are in the sky and down among the grass;
Bend low, bend low, ye Kentish reeds, and let two lovers pass!

The plum-tree is a straitened thing; the cherry is but vain;
The thorn but black and empty at the turning of the lane;
Yet mile by mile out in the wind the peach-trees blow and blow,
And which is stem, and which is bloom, not any maid can know.

The ghostly ships sail up to town and past the orchard wall;
There is a leaping in the reeds; they waver and they fall;

For lo, the gusts of God are out; the April time is brief;
The country is a pale red rose, and dropping leaf by leaf.

I do but keep me close beside, and hold my lover's hand;
Along the narrow track we pass across the level land;
The petals whirl about us and the sedge is to our knees;
The ghostly ships sail up, sail up, beyond the stripping trees.

When we are old, when we are cold, and barrèd is the door,
The memory of this will come and turn us young once more;
The lights of Spring will dim the grass and tremble from the sky;
And all the Kentish reeds bend low to let us two go by!

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

COME, COME, MY LOVE

COME, come, my Love, the morning waits,
What magic now shall greet our sight!
  What butterflies
  Before our eyes
Shall vanish in the open light!

Come, while the Sun has power to strike
Our household fires all dead and cold!
  How softly now
  The wind can blow —
When carrying off a field of gold!

Come, when behind some leafy hedge
We'll see a snow-white, new-born lamb
No man has set
His eyes on yet —
Where it lies sleeping near its dam.

Come, come, my Love, the morning waits,
The Sun is high, the dew has gone!
The air's as bright
As though the light
Of twelve May mornings came in one.

W. H. Davies

MY SWEETHEART'S BOUQUET

Sweet eyes as deep as gentian blue
Whose depths the soul burns brightly through
Where dwelleth a love both deep and true.

Sweet lips as rich carnation's red
That breathe the tender words once said —
Kiss, that from mem'ry ne'er has fled.

Soft silky threads of streaming hair
Wooing the breeze of the balmy air
Like the flower of the ribbon grass flaxen fair.

The mind of a lily, the heart of a rose,
Pansies, the thought as it comes and goes
Warming the cheek as it softly glows.

Sweeter far and of fairer hue
Is a flower that never in garden grew —
I cannot name it, but dear — 'tis you!

Whatever betides or come what may,
Sweetheart, for you I've made the bouquet,
A tribute of love forever and aye.

SARAH METCALF PHIPPS

THE DAY YOU CAME

SUCH special sweetness was about
That day God sent you here,
I knew the lavender was out,
And it was mid of year.

Their common way the great winds blew,
The ships sailed out to sea;
Yet ere that day was spent I knew
Mine own had come to me.

As after song some snatch of tune
Lurks still in grass or bough,

So, somewhat of the end of June
Lurks in each weather now.

The young year sets the buds astir,
The old year strips the trees;
But ever in my lavender
I hear the brawling bees.

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

SONG

LOVE'S on the highroad,
Love's in the byroad —
  Love's on the meadow, and
    Love's in the mart!
And down every byway
Where I've taken my way
  I've met Love a-smiling — for
    Love's in my heart.

DANA BURNET

SONG

THY hand in mine, thy hand in mine,
And through the world we two will go,
Our faces set to every foe,

With love before us as a sign,
Thy hand in mine, thy hand in mine.

My heart in thine, my heart in thine,
Through life, through happy death the same.
We two will kneel before the shrine,
And keep alight the sacred flame.
My heart in thine, my heart in thine.

MARY COLERIDGE

THE GARDEN OF DREAMS

My heart is a garden of dreams
Where you walk when day is done,
Fair as the royal flowers,
Calm as the lingering sun.

Never a drouth comes there,
Nor any frost that mars,
Only the wind of love
Under the early stars, —

The living breath that moves
Whispering to and fro,
Like the voice of God in the dusk
Of the garden long ago.

BLISS CARMAN

SUMMER

Some men there are who find in nature all
Their inspiration, hers the sympathy
Which spurs them on to any great endeavor,
To them the fields and woods are closest friends,
And they hold dear communion with the hills;
The voice of waters soothes them with its fall,
And the great winds bring healing in their sound.
To them a city is a prison house
Where pent up human forces labour and strive,
Where beauty dwells not, driven forth by man;
But where in winter they must live until
Summer gives back the spaces of the hills.
To me it is not so. I love the earth
And all the gifts of her so lavish hand:
Sunshine and flowers, rivers and rushing winds,
Thick branches swaying in a winter storm,
And moonlight playing in a boat's wide wake;
But more than these, and much, ah, how much more,
I love the very human heart of man.
Above me spreads the hot, blue mid-day sky,
Far down the hillside lies the sleeping lake
Lazily reflecting back the sun,
And scarcely ruffled by the little breeze
Which wanders idly through the nodding ferns.
The blue crest of the distant mountain, tops

The green crest of the hill on which I sit;
And it is summer, glorious, deep-toned summer,
The very crown of nature's changing year
When all her surging life is at its full.
To me alone it is a time of pause,
A void and silent space between two worlds,
When inspiration lags, and feeling sleeps,
Gathering strength for efforts yet to come.
For life alone is creator of life,
And closest contact with the human world
Is like a lantern shining in the night
To light me to a knowledge of myself.
I love the vivid life of winter months
In constant intercourse with human minds,
When every new experience is gain
And on all sides we feel the great world's heart;
The pulse and throb of life which makes us men!

AMY LOWELL

BOND AND FREE

LOVE has earth to which she clings
With hills and circling arms about —
Wall within wall to shut fear out.
But Thought has need of no such things,
For Thought has a pair of dauntless wings.

On snow and sand and turf, I see
Where Love has left a printed trace
With straining in the world's embrace.
And such is Love and glad to be.
But Thought has shaken his ankles free.

Thought cleaves the interstellar gloom
And sits in Sirius' disc all night,
Till day makes him retrace his flight,
With smell of burning on every plume,
Back past the sun to an earthly room.

His gains in heaven are what they are.
Yet some say Love by being thrall
And simply staying possesses all
In several beauty that Thought fares far
To find fused in another star.

ROBERT FROST

THE ROAD

DOWN the long road we went,
Friends and lovers, we two.
Incredibly content,
Tingling somehow with the commonplace view;

Amazed at the heaven's most casual blue.
Sniffing the air with astonishment,
As though for the first time we knew
The sharp smell of the pine-woods blent
With the vague wild rose's scent.

Each roadside flower that ran along with us
Suddenly seemed a thing miraculous;
Translating all its magic into song.
Even their names were music; faint and strong
They flashed godspeed and called from where they grew: —
The feathery clusters of the Meadow-Rue;
Wood Lilies dancing by on feathery feet;
The swaying spires of the Meadow-Sweet.
Even the shy Sheep-Laurel looked around
To stare with deep pink eyes; while, from the ground,
Soft as the thing from which it took its name,
The Infant's Breath with double sweetness came.
And over all the mingled richness lay
The hot, sweet fragrance of the drying hay . . . .

The city slipped away;
Its harshness melted as the twilight grew;
Its power was spent.
Something was walking with us, something new;
It sang the world into our hearts and sent
Our spirits dancing to where beauty lay

Over the heavens like a testament.
There was one star — and a great wash of blue . . .

Down the long road we went,
Friends and lovers, we two.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER

THE VOICE

WOMAN much missed, how you call to me, call to me,
Saying that now you are not as you were
When you had changed from the one who was all to me,
But as at first, when our day was fair.

Can it be you that I hear? Let me view you, then,
Standing as when I drew near to the town
Where you would wait for me: yes, as I knew you then,
Even to the original air-blue gown!

Or is it only the breeze, in its listlessness
Travelling across the wet mead to me here,
You being ever dissolved to existlessness,
Heard no more again far or near?

Thus I; faltering forward,
Leaves around me falling,
Wind oozing thin through the thorn from norward,
And the woman calling.

THOMAS HARDY

BORDERLAND

Will it be just oblivion — or will it be
A voice (long-stilled and how beloved!) a hand
Familiar, comforting? a strange new thrill
Of blessedness? Dear things we understand —
Forgiveness without words . . . and suddenly
All that we ever dreamed shall seem to be?

Laura Simmons

DOORS

At the edge of consciousness is a little door.
What goes by?
Now a wing of brightness, of colour, of something out there that I love more than I am accustomed to loving.
Now fares by a delicate shadow, patterned, fleet, that I long to know more than I am accustomed to knowing.
There must be so much more to love and to know than the little loves and the little knowledge.

Then someone knocks at my door.
Thou!
The wing of brightness, the delicate shadow were but the sign.
What am I to do?
I will find my way to the edge of my consciousness,

I will gain the door, I will have my freedom,
I will love and know and be all being.
Thou art the liberator. Why is it true . . .
'Behold, I stand at the door and knock.'

ZONA GALE

SELECTION FROM 'THE DARK NIGHT'

YESTERDAY
I was only Elizabeth;
To-day
I am a wonder to myself and a strange glory,
I am the woman that he loves.

I look at myself in the glass,
I turn this way and that,
To find out how I appear to him;
I touch the hand he held,
The fine finger-tips and the palms,
To feel
If they slid so, with the thin whisper of silk, across his hand.
I see the white and gold and blue of myself,
And the faint shell-rose of my mouth.
If I were carved in ivory and gold,
Dead ivory and dead gold,
I should not be more unlike the live woman he sees,

Than is my image in the glass;
There is no glass that can show me
My likeness in his mind.
Yet, because I am beautiful to him,
I have become beautiful to myself;
I love the white face he praised,
And the mouth he kissed;
I am a wonder to myself,
And a strange glory.

MAY SINCLAIR

STANZAS FROM 'THE GARDEN OF YEARS'

HEART of my heart, I am no longer young:
Long have I waited for this day of days
When some small sign from you should loose my tongue —
When I should see that gate wide-open flung
That of Love's garden screened the sunlit ways;
Long have I waited, till your hand should raise
The veil between our understanding eyes,
That you in mine, that I in yours might gaze,
While my heart shouted to the open skies
The song that long in silence it hath sung!

Life of my love, love of my life, in vain
I marshal every phrase that speech supplies:

The summits of my meaning yet remain
Cloud-capped, above the flat familiar plain
  Of spoken thought, unscaled against the skies!
  The mute interrogation of your eyes
My own must mutely meet. Ah, touch my hand,
  And, like a child, instruct me in what wise
I may contrive to make you understand
  The love that aught but silence must profane!

GUY WETMORE CARRYL

I MEASURE TIME

I MEASURE time by neither days nor hours,
I never watch the dial in the sun;
I care not how the silent sands may run,
Nor what the clocks strike in the belfry towers.
The Winter snows may change to Summer flowers,
The green of Spring to Autumn, gray and dun,
But all alike to me are years begun
Or ended, with their suns and shades and showers.
When you are with me 'tis Life's perfect day —
There is no time. But when you leave my side
The years drag on, a dark and sullen tide;
Each moment is a month with you away,
And when I see your blessed face again,
An age has passed of solitude and pain.

WILLIAM LINDSEY

SONG

I WILL repay you for your tenderness,
But not in the coin you mean.
To give a flamingo feather might be better,
Or the gold mist seen

After the rain is lost in the palm forest.
Love me my way,
And with some shining thing you never thought of
I will repay.

GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

THE KEY

I HEARD their voices in the night,
At noon, at dawn of day;
They asked me for my living heart
To carry it away.

'From farthest edges of the world,
Beyond the darkling hill,
Love sends us for your heart,' they said,
'We come to do his will.'

'Nay, it is locked within my breast,
And you have brought no key.

Turn back and tell Love where he waits
Himself must come for me.

'But he must cross the bridge Despair,
And bind the harvest pale
That springs upon the fields of Grief.
Then he must spread his sail

'For silent shores of solitude,
And in that bitter sod
Must bury deep his dream of me,
And leave it there for God.

'But when at last he climbs my hill
A beggar spent, and sore
With wandering, with pilgrimage,
Yet asking nothing more,

'Then from my tower I shall lean
When all the world grows dim
With twilight, and beneath the stars
Shall give my heart to him.'

. . . . . .

Oh many a year is past and gone
Since they went on their quest,
And like a stone beneath the sea
My heart lies in my breast.

GRETCHEN WARREN

MUSIC AND LOVE

Who longs for music merely longs for Love.
For Love is music, and no minstrel needs
Save his own sigh to breathe upon the reeds
From heart too full, and — like the adoring dove
That coos all day the darling nest above,
Content if hour to happy hour succeeds —
Nor morning's song, nor noon's rich silence, heeds,
Nor the old mysteries evening whispers of.

But when the voice is echoless, the hand
Long empty, then, O wedded harp and flute,
Remind us Love's eternal, not Time's toy.
O viol, at whose brink of pain we stand,
Love in thy muted anguish is not mute,
But thrills with memory's new-remembered joy.

Robert Underwood Johnson

LOVE ME AT LAST

Love me at last, or if you will not,
Leave me;
Hard words could never, as these half-words,
Grieve me:
Love me at last — or leave me.

Love me at last, or let the last word uttered
Be but your own;
Love me, or leave me — as a cloud, a vapor,
Or a bird flown.
Love me at last — I am but sliding water
Over a stone.

ALICE CORBIN

STARS OF THE DESERT

(MAHOMED AKRAM'S NIGHT WATCH)

THE night is calm, and all the stars are burning,
Around our camp the sands stretch far away,
No sound, except the lonely jackals howling,
Until the horses, startled, wake and neigh.

Only the walls of one thin tent of canvas,
Only a yard of yellow desert sand,
Between us two, and yet I know you distant,
As though you lived in some far Northern land.

Here, at the doorway of my tent, I linger
To watch in yours the shadow and the light,
The hungry soul within me burning, burning,
As the stars burn, throughout the Eastern night.

I know well how you sleep, your head thrown backwards,
Your loose hair ruffled up and disarrayed,
Your fervent eyes still sombre in their slumber
From the dark circle of the lashes' shade.

I listen to your even cadenced breathing,
From the soft curve of parted lips set free;
Only a slender wall of wind-stirred canvas
Between your loveliness asleep and me.

Sleep on, I sit and watch your tent in silence,
White as a sail upon this sandy sea,
And know the Desert's self is not more boundless
Than is the distance 'twixt yourself and me.

Know that I am some low red planet burning.
You in the Zenith, a serene white star,
And I to you, less than the lonely jackals
That howl among the sandy wastes afar.

Sleep on, the Desert sleeps around you, quiet,
Watched by the restless, golden stars above,
Ay, let us sleep; you to your careless waking,
I, with my dreams of unrequited love.

LAURENCE HOPE

WHERE LOVE ONCE WAS

WHERE love once was, let there be no hate:
Though they that went as one by night and day
Go now alone,
Where love once was, let there be no hate.

The seeds we planted together
Came to rich harvest,
And our hearts are as bins brimming with the golden plenty:
Into our loneliness we carry granaries of old love . . .

And though the time has come when we cannot sow our acres together
And our souls need diverse fields,
And a tilling apart,
Let us go separate ways with a blessing each for each,
And gentle parting,
And let there be no hate,
Where love once was.

JAMES OPPENHEIM

RENUNCIATION

AT eventide the Pilgrim came
And knocked at the Belovèd's door,
'Who's there?' a voice within, 'thy name?'
''Tis I,' he said. — 'Then knock no more.

As well ask thou a lodging of the sea, —
There is no room herein for thee and me.'

The Pilgrim went again his way
And dwelt with Love upon the shore
Of self-oblivion; and one day
He knocked again at the Belovèd's door.
'Who's there?' 'It is thyself,' he now replied,
And suddenly the door was open wide.

AMEEN RIHANI

SONG

My love is gone into the East
Across the wide dawn-kindled sea;
My love remembreth naught of me
Nor of my lips nor of my breast,
For he has gone where morning dwells
Into the land of dreams and spells.

But yet sometimes deep in the night
A foolish little cricket thing,
A kind of voice, will wake and sing
And drone and sing till it is light;
I am not sure, but every day
I grow to think he sings this way: —

'Into the West, or late or soon,
Across dim seas into the West,
Thy lover will sail back in quest
Of Earth's one gift and life's one boon,
Of simple love that comes to pass
As dew falls or as springs the grass.'

WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY

SONNET FROM 'BEAUTY IN EXILE'

IN Beauty's name, I love you. Life's grim story
Is swept with rainbow lights when you draw near.
A singular and inescapable glory
Comes from the sun when thoughts of you are here.
Your presence is not anything, or not much;
But when your dreams come whispering to my doors
I leave my crumbling house, — lift wing, — fly, — clutch
Great battlements, and walk legendary floors. . . .
Poor dust! poor ignorant instrument of great powers
That through you blow their silver trumpet-cry!
How savage is this destiny of ours
That fashions music out of agony,
And lets us hear, across the iron night,
The wing-beats of each other's lonely flight!

ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

THE RIDER

If you ride down the wind,
  If you haste with the star,
My heart shall o'ertake you
  Wherever you are.

For as swift as the wind,
  And as fleet as the star,
Is my love that shall reach you
  Wherever you are.

CLINTON SCOLLARD

VISION

To-night the silent world teems with the wonder
Of days which used to be;
And I would break the bars of years asunder
To bring you back to me.

To-night my every thought is outward drifting
To your abiding place;
As here alone a prayer is upward lifting,
I seek to find your face.

To-night my voice across the world is calling,
Waiting for you to hear;

And you perchance may see a shadow falling,
And pause to think me near.

To-night my great desire is wayward winging,
I seek you, Love, afar;
And you may give your voice to some sweet singing,
And yearn to touch . . . a star.

To-night the silent world teems with the wonder
Of days which used to be;
Ah . . . I would break the bars of years asunder
To bring you back to me.

THEODOCIA PEARCE

JOURNEY'S END

O HEDGE so thick, how can I wait! —
Open, open, little gate!

And let me gain you, my delight,
White rose with thorny dart,
And hold you all the summer night
Close to my beating heart —
For there has been too much of light
Keeping us apart . . .

Hark, in the dawn, the thrush begins,
  After the whip-poor-will —
And day, awaking lovers, wins
  Its way upon the hill;
And the cunning spider lurks and spins;
  But we dream still . . .

That death is only a pilgrim star —
Whose journey's end is where we are.

WITTER BYNNER

VILLANELLE

You shall come to me to-night
Softly, as the leaves are shed,
Swiftly as the swallows' flight.

When the stars blaze out their light
And the sun's last glow is dead
You shall come to me to-night.

You shall come with youth's delight
To my heart, when day is fled;
Swiftly, as the swallows' flight.

When the dark obscures my sight
And the tulip bows her head
You shall come to me to-night.

Fast as falls the moon-beams' light
You shall come with golden tread,
Swiftly, as the swallows' flight.

Mistlike, rising from your bed
With your radiant arms outspread
You shall come to me to-night,
Swiftly, as the swallows' flight.

THOMAS H. JOHNSON

BETROTHAL

How will you want to find me when you come,
Dear one? (Pride, pride! How dare you ask him that?
Are you not as you are the sweet, sweet sum
Of all his dreaming? and if not, then what?
Ah me!) But I shall be as bright as honey
And cool upon your lips as porcelain . . .
For old wives tell that maids in matrimony
Must be like apples hanging in the rain.
Or would you have me deaf to them, my dear?
For something tells me that I shall not hear
The simmer of their counsel when the near
Strange warmth of you again shall overbear
And quicken all my blood. Oh, let me wear,
Old wives or none, a red rose in my hair!

MARTHA OSTENSO

THE JOURNEY

I took the train a whole day long
To see that girl again;
When sunset died, in a bare country,
I stepped from an empty train,

And walked for miles by a hedgeless track
Hushed in evening's air,
Till I came to the place where she lived with her father,
And entered and found her there:

A quiet woman in flowered muslin
In a lamp's homely ray,
Pale, dark-haired, gliding and bending
Where the palsied figure lay.

Her eyes remembered, but now she was busy,
I stood in the shadows long,
Till at last the old man was taken to sleep
And she gave him a kiss like a song.

And freed at last, she whispered me out,
And we walked over slopes of turf,
That came to the scent of the salt sea
And the sighing of slow surf.

And there we leaned to the night's dark sea
  Over a grass-topped wall,
My hand just touching her cool arm,
  Saying nothing at all.

J. C. Squire

THE HEART OF GOLD

I had a heart as good as gold
  For spending or for buying;
It bought me many a hand to hold
  And many a breath for sighing.

It bought me many a mouth to kiss,
  And many a secret token —
O, what's the good of all of this,
  Now, when my heart is broken?

My heart that once, as good as gold,
  Bought anything that mattered
Is like a tale completely told,
  Like golden money scattered . . .

But somewhere there's a heart so young
  It still can spare for spending,
Will sing the song that I have sung,
  Beginning with my ending.

Witter Bynner

AN OLD SONG

When I was a young lad,
And that is long ago,
I thought that Luck loved every man,
And time his only foe,
And love was like a hawthorn bush
That blossomed every May,
And one had but to choose his flower,
For that's the young lad's way.

Oh, youth's a thriftless squanderer,
It's easy come and spent:
And heavy is the going now
Where once the light foot went.
The hawthorn bush puts on its white,
The throstle whistles clear,
But Spring comes once for every man,
Just once in all the year.

Arthur Ketchum

ONCE

I shall not feel great love again,
Only little loves,
Hardly more than decencies
Like wearing gloves.

I shall sing only fragile songs,
Like a lark or linnet,
Unlike my symphony with you
The music in it.

None will divine that I was once
In moonlit Samarcand
With brave songs on jocund lips
And a love-warm hand.

EARL MARLATT

THE WAY TO ARCADY

Oh, what's the way to Arcady,
To Arcady, to Arcady?
Oh, what's the way to Arcady,
Where all the leaves are merry?

OH, what's the way to Arcady?
The spring is rusting in the tree —
The tree the wind is blowing through —
It sets the blossoms flickering white.
I knew not skies could burn so blue,
Nor any breezes blow so light.
They blow an old-time way for me,
Across the world to Arcady.

Oh, what's the way to Arcady?
Sir Poet, with the rusty coat,
Quit mocking of the song-bird's note.
How have you heart for any tune,
You with the wayworn russet shoon?
Your scrip, a-swinging by your side,
Gapes with a gaunt mouth hungry-wide:
I'll brim it well with pieces red,
If you will tell the way to tread.

Oh, I am bound for Arcady,
And if you but keep pace with me,
You tread the way to Arcady.

And whereaway lies Arcady?
And how long yet may the journey be?

Ah, that (quoth he) *I do not know —*
Across the clover and the snow —
Across the frosts, across the flowers —
Through summer seconds and winter hours.
I've trod the way my whole life long,
And know not now where it may be;
My guide is but the stir to song,
That tells me I cannot go wrong,
Or clear or dark the pathway be
Upon the road to Arcady.

But how shall I do who cannot sing?
I was wont to sing, once on a time —
There is never an echo now to ring
Remembrance back to the trick of rhyme.

'Tis strange you cannot sing (quoth he);
The folk all sing in Arcady.

But how may he find Arcady
Who hath nor youth nor melody?

What! know you not, old man (quoth he)
Your hair is white, your face is wise, —
That Love must kiss that mortal's eyes
Who hopes to see fair Arcady?
No gold can buy you entrance there;
But beggared Love may go all bare —
No wisdom won with weariness;
But Love goes in with Folly's dress —
No fame that wit could ever win;
But only Love may lead Love in
To Arcady, to Arcady.

Ah, woe is me, through all my days
Wisdom and wealth I both have got,
And fame and name, and great men's praise;
But Love, ah, Love! — I have it not.

There was a time, when life was new,
But far away, and half forgot; —
I only know her eyes were blue;
But Love — I fear I knew it not.
We did not wed, for lack of gold,
And she is dead, and I am old.
All things have come since then to me,
Save Love, ah, Love! and Arcady.

Ah, then I fear we part (quoth he);
My way's for Love and Arcady.

But you, — you fare alone, like me;
The gray is likewise in your hair.
What Love have you to lead you there,
To Arcady, to Arcady?

Ah, no, not lonely do I fare;
My true companion's Memory.
With Love he fills the Springtime air;
With Love he clothes the Winter tree.
Oh, past this poor horizon's bound
My song goes straight to one who stands —
Her face all gladdening at the sound —
To lead me to the spring-green lands,
To wander with enlacing hands.

The songs within my breast that stir
Are all of her, are all of her.
My maid is dead long years (quoth he):
She waits for me in Arcady.

Oh, yon's the way to Arcady,
To Arcady, to Arcady,
Oh, yon's the way to Arcady,
Where all the leaves are merry!

HENRY CUYLER BUNNER

A BILL FROM CUPID

THIS day of good Saint Valentine,
Chateau de Psyche,
Spain.

Miss Arabella Lovibond, 600 Lover's Lane,
For Merchandise detailed below, to Daniel Cupid, Debtor:
To 7,000 Compliments, conveyed per Tongue or Letter;
To 50 Cases Deathless Love, expressed per Burning Sighs;
To 20 Cases (like above), expressed per Melting Eyes;
To 18 dozen Fervent Vows, despatched per mail or spoken;
To 18 dozen Flaming Hearts, irreparably broken;
To Passage 6 Despairing Swains en route to Foreign Parts;
To 14 Arrows, snapped and spoiled on 14 Flinty Hearts;
To 15 Locks of Human Hair (black, yellow, brown, and sandy);
To 37 hundredweight of Tributary Candy;

To 40 Rides in Runabouts and 90 Auto Spins;
To 8 Disused Engagement Rings and 19 College Pins;
To 60 Bales of Violets and Roses (out of season); —
Oh, well, for these and other things beyond all Rhyme and Reason,
Please pay, to Francis Happychap, my Agent, on Demand,
In Settlement of Claims, in full: 1 Vow, 1 Heart, 1 Hand.

ARTHUR GUITERMAN

BETWEEN TWO LOVES

I GOTTA love for Angela,
I love Carlotta, too.
I no can marry both o' dem,
So w'at I gona do?

Oh, Angela ese pretta girl,
She gotta hair so black, so curl,
An' teeth so white as anytheeng.
An' oh, she gotta voice to seeng,
Dat mak' your hearta feel eet must
Jomp up an' dance or eet weell bust.
An' alla time she seeng, her eyes
Dey smila like Italia's skies,
An' makin' flirtin' looks at you —
But dat ees all w'at she can do.

Carlotta ees no gotta song,
But she ees twice so big an' strong
As Angela, an' she no look
So beautiful — but she can cook.
You oughta see her carry wood!
I tal you w'at, eet do you good.
W'en she ees be som'body's wife
She worka hard, you bat my life!
She nevva gettin' tired, too —
But dat ees all w'at she can do.

Oh, my! I weesh dat Angela
  Was strong for carry wood,
Or else Carlotta gotta song
  An' looka pretta good.
I gotta love for Angela,
  I love Carlotta, too.
I no can marry both o' dem,
  So w'at I gonna do?

T. A. Daly

BALLADE OF JUNE

Lilacs glow, and jasmines climb,
  Larks are loud the livelong day.
O the golden summer-prime!
  June takes up the sceptre of May,
  And the land beneath her sway

Glows, a dream of flowerful closes,
And the very wind's at play
With Sir Love among the roses.

Lights and shadows in the lime
Meet in exquisite disarray.
Hark! the rich recurrent rhyme
Of the blackbird's roundelay!
Where he carols, frank and gay,
Fancy no more glooms or proses;
Joyously she flits away
With Sir Love among the roses.

O the cool sea's slumberous chime!
O the links that beach the bay,
Tricked with meadow-sweet and thyme,
Where the brown bees murmur and stray!
Lush the hedgerows, ripe the hay!
Many a maiden, binding posies,
Finds herself at Yea-and-Nay
With Sir Love among the roses.

ENVOI

Boys and girls, be wise, I pray!
Do as dear Queen June proposes,
For she bids you troop and stay
With Sir Love among the roses.

W. E. Henley

A SONG OF THE FOUR SEASONS

When Spring comes laughing
By vale and hill,
By wind-flower walking
And daffodil, —
Sing stars of morning,
Sing morning skies,
Sing blue of speedwell, —
And my Love's eyes.

When comes the Summer,
Full-leaved and strong,
And gay birds gossip
The orchard long, —
Sing hid, sweet honey
That no bee sips;
Sing red, red roses, —
And my Love's lips.

When Autumn scatters
The leaves again,
And piled sheaves bury
The broad-wheeled wain, —
Sing flutes of harvest
Where men rejoice;
Sing rounds of reapers, —
And my Love's voice.

But when comes Winter
With hail and storm,
And red fire roaring
And ingle warm, —
Sing first sad going
Of friends that part;
Then sing glad meeting, —
And my Love's heart.

AUSTIN DOBSON

SONG FOR AUGUST

HERE'S the year on the wane,
There are signs in the sky,
In the woods, on the plain,
That its noon has gone by.
But the harvest's to gain
And the cool nights are nigh,
When the year's on the wane.

Here's the year on the wane,
There's a hawk in the blue;
In the wheat a red stain
Where the poppy peeps through.
But there's bread in the grain
And there's warmth of love too,
When the year's on the wane.

Here's the year on the wane,
From the night-shrouded hill,
Comes the katydid's strain,
And the wind's whistle shrill.
But two hearts may contain
All the spring's music still
When the year's on the wane.

THOMAS AUGUSTINE DALY

DAWN

SLOWLY the opal flower of Morning rises,
Opens, and spreads, and shines on the marvelling sea,
And from its golden heart, through misty guises,
Wells, with the tides of light, thy love to me.

MARTIN SCHÜTZE

SELECTION FROM 'AFTERNOON'

ALL that lives about us here,
Beneath a radiance soft and clear,
Soft grasses, tender branches, hollyhocks,
The shade that soothes them, the wind that mocks,
The singing birds that one by one
Join the brilliant swarm,
Like jewel-clusters, warm
With sun;

All that lives within the garden wall,
  Love us ingenuously;
    And we,
  We love them all.

Dear to us the lilies that grow high;
The reaching sunflowers clearer than the sky
— Circles that bright lambent tongues enroll —
Burn, with their glowing fervency, our soul.

The simple flowers, phlox and lilac tall,
  Down by the wall,
  Are yearning to be near us too,
  And the involuntary grass,
  On the lawn when we pass,
Opens its moistened eyes that are the dew.

We live with the flowers and the grass,
Simple, pure and ardent still,
  Lost in our love,
Like single sheaves within the infinite wheat,
And proudly let imperial summer pass
  And from above
  Sweep and pierce with clarity
  Body, heart and will.

EMILE VERHAEREN

TO EARTHWARD

Love at the lips was touch
As sweet as I could bear;
And once that seemed too much;
I lived on air

That crossed me from sweet things,
The flow of — was it musk
From hidden grapevine springs
Down hill at dusk?

I had the swirl and ache
From sprays of honeysuckle
That when they're gathered shake
Dew on the knuckle.

I craved strong sweets, but those
Seemed strong when I was young;
The petal of the rose
It was that stung.

Now no joy but lacks salt
That is not dashed with pain
And weariness and fault;
I crave the stain

Of tears, the aftermark
Of almost too much love,
The sweet of bitter bark
And burning clove.

When stiff and sore and scarred
I take away my hand
From leaning on it hard
In grass and sand,

The hurt is not enough:
I long for weight and strength
To feel the earth as rough
To all my length.

ROBERT FROST

SELECTION FROM 'BURNING BUSH'

. . . . . AND you,
O Love, it was that spelt the earth anew.

O Love, you silent wayfarer,
How many years all unaware
By blackthorn hedge, and spinney green
With larch, I wandered, while unseen
You in my shadow walked, nor made
Even a whisper in the shade.

O Love, on many an evening hill
I watched the day go down, the still
Dark woods, the far great rivers wind,
Thin threads of light. And I was blind,
Or seeing knew not, for you were
Beside me still, yet hidden there.

O Love, as year by year went on,
And budding primroses were gone,
And berries fell, and still the bright
Crocuses came in the night,
You left me to my task alone,
O Love, so near me and unknown.

O Love, though she who bore me set
Earth's love for ever on me, yet
Some word withheld still troubled me,
Some presence that I could not see,
Till you, dear alien, should come,
And doctrine be no longer dumb.

O Love, one April night I heard
The doctrine's everlasting word,
And you beneath that starry sky,
Unknown, were with me suddenly,
Yet there was no new meeting then,
But some old marriage come again.

O Love, and now is earth my friend,
Telling me all, until the end
When I shall in the earth be laid
With all my maps and fancies made,
And you, Love, were the secret earth
Of my blind following from birth.

O Love, you happy wayfarer,
Be still my fond interpreter,
Of all the glory that can be
As once on starlit Winchelsea,
Finding upon my pilgrim way
A burning bush for every day.

JOHN DRINKWATER

TWO LOOK AT TWO

LOVE and forgetting might have carried them
A little further up the mountain side
With night so near, but not much further up.
They must have halted soon in any case
With thoughts of the path back, how rough it was
With rock and washout, and unsafe in darkness;
When they were halted by a tumbled wall
With barbed-wire binding. They stood facing this,
Spending what onward impulse they still had

In one last look the way they must not go,
On up the failing path, where, if a stone
Or earthslide moved at night, it moved itself;
No footstep moved it. 'This is all,' they sighed,
'Good-night to woods.' But not so; there was more.
A doe from round a spruce stood looking at them
Across the wall, as near the wall as they.
She saw them in their field, they her in hers.
The difficulty of seeing what stood still,
Like some up-ended boulder split in two,
Was in her clouded eyes: they saw no fear there.
She seemed to think that two thus they were safe.
Then, as if they were something that, though strange,
She could not trouble her mind with too long,
She sighed and passed unscared along the wall.
'*This*, then, is all. What more is there to ask?'
But no, not yet. A snort to bid them wait.
A buck from round the spruce stood looking at them
Across the wall as near the wall as they.
This was an antlered buck of lusty nostril,
Not the same doe come back into her place.
He viewed them quizzically with jerks of head,
As if to ask, 'Why don't you make some motion?
Or give some sign of life? Because you can't.
I doubt if you're as living as you look.'
Thus till he had them almost feeling dared
To stretch a proffered hand — and a spell-breaking.

Then he too passed unscared along the wall.
Two had seen two, whichever side you spoke from.
'This *must* be all.' It was all. Still they stood,
A great wave from it going over them,
As if the earth in one unlooked-for favor
Had made them certain earth returned their love.

ROBERT FROST

THE TWO SELVES

Two selves have I that work not for the weal
Of one another, though they must abide
In the same house of life. One is the tried
Indomitable Spirit, made of steel
Tempered by fire and cold from head to heel.
The other is the Woman, who is made
Of softest rose-leaves, wistful and afraid,
Whose only armor is love's pure appeal.

Water and oil will blend before these two.
What hidden purpose of the Infinite
Has to these alien dwellers thus decreed
One narrow house of life the long years through?
The rose-leaves rust the steel and weaken it,
The steel has torn the rose-leaves till they bleed.

ELSA BARKER

SWEET STAY-AT-HOME

Sweet Stay-at-Home, sweet Well-content,
Thou knowest of no strange continent:
Thou hast not felt thy bosom keep
A gentle motion with the deep;
Thou hast not sailed in Indian seas,
Where scent comes forth in every breeze.
Thou hast not seen the rich grape grow
For miles, as far as eyes can go;
Thou hast not seen a summer's night
When maids could sew by a worm's light;
Nor the North Sea in spring send out
Bright hues that like birds flit about
In solid cages of white ice —
Sweet Stay-at-Home, sweet Love-one-place.
Thou has not seen black fingers pick
White cotton when the bloom is thick,
Nor heard black throats in harmony;
Nor hast thou sat on stones that lie
Flat on the earth, that once did rise
To hide proud kings from common eyes.
Thou hast not seen plains full of bloom
Where green things had such little room
They pleased the eye like fairer flowers —
Sweet Stay-at-Home, all these long hours.

Sweet Well-content, sweet Love-one-place,
Sweet, simple maid, bless thy dear face;
For thou hast made more homely stuff
Nurture thy gentle self enough;
I love thee for a heart that's kind —
Not for the knowledge in thy mind.

WILLIAM H. DAVIES

BE PERFECT

BE perfect — for I love thee more in thought
Than thou canst reach in every trivial day.
Since days are as the flowers on a wreath
That wither while we bind them each to each.
Only the soul is timeless, and no round of days
Can wall it in a little space of ground.
Sometimes our minds are cheated by the clock
And crave love, wisdom, joy within an hour,
But the patient spirit stands
Waiting the last fulfilment.
Around thy soul my thoughts are as garlands
Or as an endless rosary.
Be perfect! lest my psalm should falter
And my hands part from the unriveted faith
With Amen scarcely sighed.

IRIS TREE

REFUSAL

You had loved my laughter,
So I brought my tears —
Ah! 'twas then and after
That the frowning years
Bade me dumb and lonely
Learn the lesson taught,
That my laughter only
Was the boon you sought.

Hushed, I laid it weeping
In a chamber still,
Where, awake or sleeping,
I could dream at will
That your love would share it
As a sacred thing, —
That your pride would wear it
As Love's offering.

CORINNE ROOSEVELT ROBINSON

FATE

Two shall be born the whole wide world apart,
And speak in different tongues, and have no thought
Each of the other's being, and no heed;
And these o'er unknown seas, to unknown lands,

Shall cross, escaping wreck, defying death;
And all unconsciously shape every act
And bend each wandering step to this one end, —
That one day out of darkness they shall meet
And read life's meaning in each other's eyes.

And two shall walk some narrow way of life,
So nearly side by side that should one turn
Ever so little space to left or right,
They needs must stand acknowledged face to face;
And yet with wistful eyes that never meet,
With groping hands that never clasp, and lips
Calling in vain to ears that never hear,
They seek each other all their weary days,
And die unsatisfied, — and this is Fate.

SUSAN MARR SPALDING

LOVE IN MARRIAGE

LATER ON,
When what I am is no longer here;
Poor me . . . poor you . . .
You will remember of me only what you loved,
And I shall haunt you in a hundred ways, my dear.

I shall be flame, for flame was part of me,
I shall be dust, for dust was in my mouth,

And I shall be the grayness of the north,
And I shall be the whiteness of the south.

Whether it be the actual I or not,
Or memory, I do not know or care;
Essence, or dream, or sleep, or drifting thought;
Whether or not you know, I shall be there.

Poor me . . . poor you . . .

The trees men plant to keep them from the sun,
By noon are rich with shadows blue and cool,
And if you stoop and watch, my breath will be
The breath that stirs the quiet of the pool.

Some scarred moss-covered Hebe tips an urn,
And water drips as slowly as the hours,
But when the hot deep pulse of day is stilled,
The dusk is quick with crickets and with showers.

Then when you go apart and find your room,
Stand in the twilight, thrust your windows wide,
And lean upon the sill to touch the dark,
I shall be half the silence at your side.

The bird who sings when all the rest are still,
The bird who breaks his heart before the moon,

Even he, beloved, will never hold me long,
Since I will hurry on to find you soon.

And we who have so often stood will stand
Eager and quiet, startled by the night,
And when you sigh and turn to tend your lamp,
I shall go in with you and be a light.

STRUTHERS BURT

ONE DAY

HE taught her a whole world of needs
  In one short day;
As one man to one woman may —
A need of daring and of deeds,
A need of crowns to lay beneath
  His hero feet.
A need of tender fragrance sweet,
And fame to offer as a wreath;
Of joy all overpowering, —
  Of pain, to prove
Enduring masteries of love.
A need of higher notes to sing,
A need of heaven and of truth;
  Strong hands to guide,

And braver footsteps by her side
Across the day — aye and forsooth
A need of covert for her weary wings —
The need one man unto one woman brings.

MARTHA GILBERT DICKINSON BIANCHI

MODERN LOVE

I WANT no little comfortable love
Ensheathed in chivalry and gentleness.
Call me to courage! Challenge me to truth!
Dare me to high and difficult comradeship!
Test me with anger, clasp my hand again
As friends whom anger cannot part, and then
Lover to lover I will meet you; then
March with you step by step unto the end.

NANCY BARR MAVITY

THE SUPREME GIFT

YOU brought and gave the infinite
To me who had despaired of it;
Beloved, how shall I express
The fervor of my thankfulness?

For love is higher than my sight
And deeper than my ken;

For love is as a final light
To long endungeoned men;
Such rapture as if there should come
A gush of song to lips long dumb;
The sound of far celestial mirth
To those whose ears were sealed on earth.

ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

THE FOUR PRINCESSES AT WILNA

SWEET faces, that from pictured casements lean
As from a castle window, looking down
On some gay pageant passing through a town,
Yourselves the fairest figures in the scene;
With what a gentle grace, with what serene
Unconsciousness ye wear the triple crown
Of youth and beauty and the fair renown
Of a great name, that ne'er hath tarnished been!
From your soft eyes, so innocent and sweet,
Four spirits, sweet and innocent as they,
Gaze on the world below, the sky above;
Hark! there is some one singing in the street;
'Faith, Hope, and Love! these three,' he seems to say;
'These three; and the greatest of the three is Love.'

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

MAKARIA[1]

To you, who dawned before me, offspring of
The great abyss and flower of foaming billows!
To you, whom with their love all things embrace,
And who stir tempests in a statue's depths!

To you, O woman and O virgin, myrrhs,
Fruit, frankincense, I offer recklessly!
To you, the music of the world! To you,
My songs' pure foam, songs that your vision fills!

For you can love, remember, understand.
Before I saw you in the world's great night,
You shone upon my mother's lighted face.

Your worshipper into the world I came;
Your name I knew not, and in love's sweet font
I called you with the name *Makaria!*

KOSTES PALAMAS

(Translated by Aristides E. Phoutrides)

MOTHER-LOVE

O MYSTERY of mother-love — O days
Lost in the joy of giving! There is not
In any wide, star-margined garden-plot
Celestial, with beauty all ablaze

[1] The word, meaning 'blessed one' is here applied to ideal womanhood.

To infinite processionals of form,
One figure that so manifests the god
Resurgent from the everlasting norm,
Like woman with her babe. Again the rod
Blossoms by Jordan where the olive tree
Grows from the roots of Jesse; for each child,
Begotten of the Virgin-Mother mild,
Shares Christ's immaculate nativity.
All mothers meet the shepherds and the kings
Beside the cradle, taking gifts of gold,
Myrrh and sweet frankincense — glad offerings
From those who sit on thrones or guard the fold.
Unloose the sandals from your eager feet,
Kneel to adore, who pass along this way.
When you that moment of love's rapture meet,
Watch and be ready, bow the head and say,
As with a veil on your averted face,
'The Lord of Hosts hath visited this place!'

ROBERT NORWOOD

WINTER DUSK

DARK frost was in the air without,
The dusk was still with cold and gloom,
When less than even a shadow came
And stood within the room.

But of the three around the fire,
None turned a questioning head to look,
Still read a clear voice, on and on,
Still stooped they o'er their book.

The children watched their mother's eyes
Moving on softly line to line;
It seemed to listen too — that shade,
Yet made no outward sign.

The fire-flames crooned a tiny song,
No cold wind moved the wintry tree;
The children both in Faerie dreamed
Beside their mother's knee.

And nearer yet that spirit drew
Above that heedless one, intent
Only on what the simple words
Of her small story meant.

No voiceless sorrow grieved her mind,
No memory her bosom stirred,
Nor dreamed she, as she read to two
'Twas surely three who heard.

Yet when, the story done, she smiled
From face to face, serene and clear,
A love, half dread, sprang up, as she
Leaned close and drew them near.

WALTER DE LA MARE

NEIGHBORS

As often as we thought of her,
We thought of a gray life
That made a quaint economist
Of a wolf-haunted wife;
We made the best of all she bore
That was not ours to bear,
And honored her for wearing things
That were not things to wear.

There was distance in her look
That made us look again;
And if she smiled, we might believe
That we had looked in vain.
Rarely she came inside our doors,
And had not long to stay;
And when she left, it seemed somehow
That she was far away.

At last, when we had all forgot
That all is here to change,
A shadow on the commonplace
Was for a moment strange.
Yet there was nothing for surprise,
Nor much that need be told:
Love with his gift of pain, had given
More than one heart could hold.

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

IN THE MANTLE OF GOD

I PRAY to a God with a woman's face.
(My mother's face is wondrous fair!)
The wide world is an altar-place,
And love-in-life the only prayer.

I work for a God with a woman's hands.
(My mother's hands are cool and strong!)
I sing for a God who understands
The worker's work and the singer's song.

I live for a God with a woman's eyes.
(My mother's eyes have made me whole!)
The very walls of paradise
Are compassed in a single soul!

HAROLD TROWBRIDGE PULSIFER

TO MY MOTHER

No foreign tribute from a stranger-hand,
Mother, I bring thee, whom not Heaven's songs
Would as an alien reach.... Ah, but how far
From Heaven's least heavenly is the changing note
And changing fancy of these fitful cries!
Mother, forgive them, as the best of me

Has ever pleaded only for thy pardon,
Not for thy praise.
Mother, there is a love
Men give to wives and children, lovers, friends;
There is a love which some men give to God.
Ah! between this, I think, and that last love,
Last and too-late-discovered love of God,
There shines — and nearer to the love of God —
The love a man gives only to his mother,
Whose travail of dear thought has never end
Until the End. Oh that my mouth had words
Comfortable as thy kisses to the boy
Who loved while he forgot thee! Now I love,
Sundered and far, with daily heart's remembrance
The face the wind brings to me, the sun lights,
The birds and waters sing; the face of thee
Whom I love with a love like love of God.

JOHN FREEMAN

HOME LIGHTS

THE wistful stars that one by one
Jet heaven's hills with light,
Are like the little lamps of love
That mothers set at night
On window-sills,

That those they love
May guide their steps aright!

So like
A little lamp that shone
For me, in days of yore —
So like a little lamp that shines,
On earth, for me
No more!

And when at evenfall, the stars
Dark hills of heaven jet,
They are not stars to me, but lamps
That waiting mothers set
On window-sills
Of heaven —
That we may not forget!

HARRY LEE

SILVER CLOTHES

SOMEONE in silver clothes
Came over the doorsill
To bid me good-night.
I saw the flicker of a star candle,
A phosphorescence curiously bright. . . .
A flare of Heaven on the door handle.

Someone in silver clothes
Bade me good-night. . . .

'All the way from Paradise to you, my child.'
'Oh mother, oh mother, was the way wild?
Were the stars cold, mother, sharp for your feet?'
'No, daughter, oh daughter, starlight is sweet.
All the path was paved with love, your love and mine.'
'Oh mother, oh mother, how your hands shine!
You had gone far, mother, far away from me —'
'Nay, daughter; nay, daughter, not if you could see.
Closer I than when the body put us out of reach,
And the wall of failing flesh barred us each from each.
Oh, my living daughter, I am living, warm as you,
Death was never so at all — only life is true.
All of us are living whom the world thinks cold;
All of us are radiant and none is old;
Some are in silver clothes, some are in white —'

'But, mother, dear mother, yours are so bright!
Even as you taught me when you were on earth —
"A light that lighteth every soul that comes to birth" . . .
I always knew it, mother, when you were here:
'Twas lustre out of Paradise that made you dear.
I always saw you, mother, whether others did or no,
I knew it was an angel companioned me below.
I knew it was an angel in a mother's guise —
And now you've come to tell me, from Paradise.'

'Daughter, I am close to you — close, did you but see.
Could you reach a little way, you could come to me.
All your thoughts I understand, all your troubles share —
Only say you wish for me, and I am there.
Daughter, could you look at me, as I look at you,
You would see that never death — only Life — is true.'

ANGELA MORGAN

I SHALL NOT BE AFRAID

I SHALL not be afraid any more,
  Either by night or day;
What would it profit me to be afraid
  With you away?

Now I am brave. In the dark night alone
  All through the house I go,
Locking the doors and making windows fast
  When sharp winds blow.

For there is only sorrow in my heart;
  There is no room for fear.
But how I wish I were afraid again,
  My dear, my dear!

ALINE KILMER

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT

Not long ago I fell in love,
But unreturned is my affection —
The girl that I'm enamored of
Pays little heed in my direction.

I thought I knew her fairly well:
In fact, I'd had my arm around her;
And so it's hard to have to tell
How unresponsive I have found her.

For, though she is not frankly rude,
Her manners quite the wrong way rub me:
It seems to me ingratitude
To let me love her — and then snub me!

Though I'm considerate and fond,
She shows no gladness when she spies me —
She gazes off somewhere beyond
And doesn't even recognize me.

Her eyes, so candid, calm and blue,
Seem asking if I can support her
In the style appropriate to
A lady like her father's daughter.

Well, if I can't, then no one can —
And let me add that I intend to:
She'll never know another man
So fit for her to be a friend to.

Not love me, eh? She better had!
By Jove, I'll make her love me one day;
For, don't you see, I am her Dad,
And she'll be three weeks old on Sunday!

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

LITTLE HANDS

SOFT little hands that stray and clutch,
Like fern-fronds curl and uncurl bold,
While baby faces lie in such
Close sleep as flowers at night that fold,
What is it you would clasp and hold,
Wandering outstretched with wilful touch?
O fingers small of shell-tipped rose,
How should you know you hold so much?
Two full hearts beating you enclose,
Hopes, fears, prayers, longings, joys and woes —
All yours to hold, O little hands!
More, more than wisdom understands
And love, love only knows.

LAURENCE BINYCN

THE ROSE OF REST

From the water-gate of Pekin, where the latticed lanterns glow,
Eastward to the Cherry Gardens in the heart of Tokio,

There is none who may outrank her, none who answers love's behest,
None of all my seven daughters like the little Rose of Rest.

Her eyes are questing colors, matchless mirrors of delight,
The turquoise dawn of China and the duskiness of night.

Her lips are pouting poppies by love's tender tempests blown,
They tremble with the secrets only Buddha could have known.

She cometh in the twilight with the tamarinds and tea;
She kneeleth near to serve me in the sweet obscurity.

She sayeth not a single word, but ever I am blest,
And I fall asleep caressing her, the little Rose of Rest.

Nathalia Crane

THE MOTHER'S HELPER

I love all my children far more than I thought to;
They do everything just the way that they ought to,
And the ones that can talk say their prayers as they're taught to;

But still every night as I sit at my sewing,
My mind turned adrift on its own pleasures going,
Underneath my wild thoughts is a steady prayer flowing:
St. Brigid, please keep
My babies asleep!

St. Rita assists me when things are past bearing,
St. Christopher helps me when forth I am faring,
But the care of my children St. Brigid is sharing,
They are wilful and happy and dear beyond measure,
No riches could equal the worth of my treasure;
But in spite of my love and my pride and my pleasure,
St. Brigid, please keep
My babies asleep!

ALINE KILMER

CHILDREN OF LOVE

THE holy boy
Went from his mother out in the cool of the day
Over the sun-parched fields
And in among the olives shining green and shining grey.

There was no sound,
No smallest voice of any shivering stream.
Poor sinless little boy,
He desired to play and to sing; he could only sigh and dream.

Suddenly came
Running along to him naked, with curly hair,
That rogue of the lovely world,
That other beautiful child whom the virgin Venus bare.

The holy boy
Gazed with those sad blue eyes that all men know,
Impudent Cupid stood
Panting, holding an arrow and pointing his bow.

('Will you not play?
Jesus, run to him, run to him, swift for our joy.
Is he not holy, like you?
Are you afraid of his arrows, O beautiful dreaming boy?')

And now they stand
Watching one another with timid gaze;
Youth has met youth in the wood,
But holiness will not change its melancholy ways.

Cupid at last
Draws his bow and softly lets fly a dart.
Smile for a moment, sad world! —
It has grazed the white skin and drawn blood from the sorrowful
heart.

Now, for delight,
Cupid tosses his locks and goes wantonly near;

But the child that was born to the cross
Has let fall on his cheek, for the sadness of life, a compassionate
tear.

Marvellous dream!
Cupid has offered his arrows for Jesus to try;
He has offered his bow for the game.
But Jesus went weeping away, and left him there wondering why.

HAROLD MONRO

THE LOVE-SONG OF DROSTAN

(*From 'Drostan and Yseul': an unpublished drama*)

DROSTAN: *You have drunken of the cup of wisdom. Let me also drink.*

(*Suddenly snatches a small clarsach from the woman's hand, and to its wild and rude music chants*)

IN the days of the Great Fires when the hills were aflame,
Aed the Shining God lay by a foamwhite mountain,
The white thigh of moon-crown'd Dana, Beautiful Mother.
And the wind fretted the blue with the tossed curling clouds
Of her tangled hair, and like two flaming stars were her eyes
Torches of sunfire and moonfire: and her vast breasts
Heaved as the sea heaves in the white calms, and the wind of her
sighs

Were as the winds of sunrise soaring the peaks of the eagles —
Dana, Mother of the Gods, moon-crown'd, sea-shod, wonderful!

'Fire of my love,' she cried. . . . Aed of the Sunlight and Shadow
Laughed: and he rose till he grew more vast than Dana:
The sun was his trampling foot, and he wore the moon as a feather:
And he lay by Dana: and the world swayed, and the stars swung.
Thus was Oengus born, Lord of Love, Son of Wisdom and Death.

Hear us, Oengus, Beautiful, Terrible, Sun-Lord and Death-Lord!
Give us the white flame of love born of Aed and of Dana —
Hearken, thou Pulse of hearts, and let the white doves from your lips
Cover with passionate wings the silence between us,
Where a white fawn leaps and only Yseul and I behold it.

'Fiona Macleod'
(William Sharp)

LOST LOVE

Who wins his love shall lose her,
Who loses her shall gain;
For still the spirit woos her —
A soul without a stain.
And memory still pursues her
With longings not in vain!

He loses her who gains her,
  Who watches day by day
The dust of time that stains her,
  The griefs that leave her gray,
The flesh that still enchains her,
  Whose grace hath passed away!

Oh, happier he who gains not
  The Love some seem to gain;
The joy that custom stales not
  Shall still with him remain.
The loveliness that wanes not,
  The Love that ne'er can wane.

In dreams she grows not older
  The lands of Dream among;
Though all the world wax colder,
  Though all the songs be sung;
In dreams doth he behold her,
  Still fair and kind and young.

ANDREW LANG

LOVE'S LEGEND

LOVE writes no ending to his fragrant book!
  What tho the page shuts on Francesco's bliss?
  Or on the flame that was Semiramis?

On Guinevere, who all for love forsook?
On Highland Mary, trysting by her brook?
On Dante's yearning? Or on Juliet's kiss?
Romance inscribes such glowing tales as this
In lives to-day, wherever one may look!

Love writes no ending! Dear, your heart and mine
Blend in a scroll which for a time too brief
Trembles and burns beneath the legend's glory!
Obscure, we yet descend from Helen's line,
And all who greatly loved live in our leaf,
Rekindling their sweet ardors in our story!

DANIEL HENDERSON

THE MASTERS

You have taught me laughter,
Joyousness and light,
How the day is rosy-wild,
Star-enthrilled the night;

May be God can teach me
After you are gone
How to bear the blackened night
And the dreadful dawn.

MARGARET WIDDEMER

SHELTER

Come, love, within the closure of our walls
That yield a blessèd refuge from the moon!
The light of stark, of primal beauty falls —
Of ultimate beauty — upon marsh and dune.
Ghosts of young dreams are wakened from their sleeping;
Phantoms of hope long dead are weeping, weeping;
Unbearably remembrance cries and calls.

Without, all longing is and all regret.
O unendurable beauty of the sky!
In love alone is shelter: we will let
No searching moonbeam enter, you and I.
Forget the moon that like an amaranth flower
Is blossoming in the darkness: for an hour
Beauty shall cease to cry. Forget! Forget!

Mary Sinton Leitch

SELECTION FROM 'THE PROPHET'

When love beckons to you, follow him,
Though his ways are hard and steep.
And when his wings enfold you yield to him,
Though the sword hidden among his pinions may wound you.
And when he speaks to you believe in him,
Though his voice may shatter your dreams as the north wind lays waste the garden.

For even as love crowns you so shall he crucify you. Even as he is for your growth is he for your pruning.

Even as he ascends to your height and caresses your tenderest branches that quiver in the sun,

So shall he descend to your roots and shake them in their clinging to the earth.

All these things shall love do unto you that you may know the secrets of your heart, and in that knowledge become a fragment of Life's heart.

Love gives naught but itself and takes naught but from itself.

Love possesses not nor would it be possessed;

For love is sufficient unto love.

When you love you should not say, 'God is in my heart,' but rather, 'I am in the heart of God.'

And think not you can direct the course of love, for love, if it finds you worthy, directs your course.

Love has no other desire but to fulfil itself.

But if you love and must needs have desires, let these be your desires:

To melt and be like a running brook that sings its melody to the night.

To know the pain of too much tenderness.

To wake at dawn with a winged heart and give thanks for another day of loving;

To rest at the noon hour and meditate love's ecstasy;
To return home at eventide with gratitude;
And then to sleep with a prayer for the beloved in your heart and a song of praise upon your lips.

KAHLIL GIBRAN

SONNET

'TIS love that moveth the celestial spheres
In endless yearning for the Changeless One,
And the stars sing together, as they run
To number the innumerable years.
'Tis love that lifteth through their dewy tears
The roses' beauty to the heedless sun,
And with no hope, nor any guerdon won,
Love leads me on, nor end of love appears.
For the same breath that did awake the flowers,
Making them happy with a joy unknown,
Kindled my light and fixed my spirit's goal;
And the same hand that reined the flying hours
And chained the whirling earth to Phœbus' throne,
In love's eternal orbit keeps the soul.

GEORGE SANTAYANA

A GHOST SPEAKS ON THE STYX

I could not think that Time was old,
So freshly did he wear
His colours as the years were told,
When I was walking there.

He knew no sad mortality
Of promise or regret,
Forever in virginity
Of joy Time's times were set.

Now on your river from the shades,
Boatman, a rumour comes
Of one whose garland never fades,
For all his martyrdoms.

They call him Love; they chant his rhyme
Even in Acheron;
They call him Love — but he and Time,
You ferryman, are one.

John Drinkwater

EROS

I, WHO am Love, come clothed in mystery,
As rose my beauteous mother from the Sea,
  Veiling my luminous wings from mortal sight —
  Whether at noon or in the star-strewn night —
That I may pass unrecognized and free.

Ignoring them that idly seek for me,
Unto mine own, from all eternity
  I come with heart aflame and torch alight —
    I who am Love!

What bring I them? Ah, draughts that sweeter be
Than welling waters of Callirrhoe!
  What give I them? Life! — even in Death's despite;
  And upward still I lead them to the height
Of an immortal passion's purity! —
    I who am Love.

FLORENCE EARLE COATES

HUNGER

THE Starving Men they walk the dusk,
  With hunger in their eyes.
To them a Lighted House is like
  A lamp of Paradise.

It is the Window in the dusk,
  That marks the drifter's coast;
It is the thought of love and light
  That mocks the drifter most.

Now I have been a Starving Man
  And walked the winter dusk;
And I have known how life may be
  A Heaven and a Husk. . . .

The Fainting Hands they pulled my sleeve,
  And bade me curse the Light.
But I had seen a Rich Man's face
  That looked into the night.

A hungry face, a brother face,
  That stared into the gloom,
And starved for life and starved for love
  Within a lighted room!

DANA BURNET

IN CLOAK OF GREY

LOVE'S a pilgrim, cloaked in grey,
  And his feet are pierced and bleeding:
Have ye seen him pass this way
  Sorrowfully pleading?

Ye that weep the world away,
  Have ye seen King Love to-day? —

Yea, we saw him; but he came
  Poppy-crowned and white of limb!
Song had touched his lips with flame,
  And his eyes were drowsed and dim;
And we kissed the hours away
Till night grew rosier than the day. —

Hath he left you? — Yea, he left us
  A little while ago,
Of his laughter quite bereft us
  And his limbs of snow;
We know not why he went away
Who ruled our revels yesterday. —

Because ye did not understand
  Love cometh from afar,
A pilgrim out of Holy Land
  Guided by a star:
Last night he came in cloak of grey,
Begging. Ye knew him not: he went his way.

ALFRED NOYES

MY WORLD

God gave my world to me,
And I rebelliously
Exclaimed, 'How small!
And is this all?'
His words were sad, yet mild,
'All that you love, my child.'

My self that moment died,
And born anew I cried,
'Love, take control
And lead my soul
To serve my small estate!'
And lo, my world is great!

Chauncey R. Piety

COME, LET US MAKE LOVE DEATHLESS

Come, let us make love deathless, thou and I,
  Seeing that our footing on the Earth is brief —
Seeing that her multitudes sweep out to die
  Mocking at all that passes their belief.
For standard of our love not theirs we take;
    If we go hence to-day
Fill the high cup that is so soon to break
    With richer wine then they!

Ay, since beyond these walls no heavens there be
Joy to revive or wasted youth repair,
I'll not bedim the lovely flame in thee
Nor sully the sad splendour that we wear.
Great be thy love, if with the lover dies
Our greatness past recall,
And nobler for the fading of those eyes
The world seen once for all!

HERBERT TRENCH

THE AWAKENING

I SHALL be shapen
Out of the dust of your heart
At the Last Day.
The resurrection will be
Finding myself yours again.

JEANNE ROBERT FOSTER

THE SILENCE OF LOVE

I COULD praise you once with beautiful words ere you came
And entered my life with love in a wind of flame.
I could lure with a song from afar my bird to its nest,
But with pinions drooping together silence is best.

In the land of beautiful silence the winds are laid,
And life grows quietly one in the cloudy shade.
I will not waken the passion that sleeps in the heart,
For the winds that blew us together may blow us apart.

Fear not the stillness; for doubt and despair shall cease
With the gentle voices guiding us into peace.
Our dreams will change as they pass through the gates of gold,
And Quiet, the tender shepherd, shall keep the fold.

A. E.
(George William Russell)

THE SILENCE

I heard through tears my tearless songs
Call each to each in woods of pain,
'Sweet rain — sweet rain — !'

I said, if they can lift such notes
From such dark boughs, how they will sing
Love's blossoming!

How they will burst the buds of sound,
And match the sun's gold flowering,
How they will sing!

It is not so! It is not so!
There are no tunes for my hushed birds,
There are no words.

Love is the silence on God's lips,
To which my songs with folded wing
Lean listening.

LEONORA SPEYER

AT EVEN

YOU and I, the road, and the fading twilight,
Dusk and shadows lost in the winding distance,
Then the night, and all but the starry spaces
Folded in darkness.

Just the winding road and the hills at even,
You and I alone, with the stars above us;
Only this, — and silence to seal forever
One dream of beauty.

THOMAS S. JONES, JR.

THE LAST EVENING

WHEN the last evening came a lonely bird
Up from the alders sent a plaintive word,
And all the varied voices of the night
Were reft of their delight.

When the last evening came the starry span
Grew dim — Orion and Aldebaran;
The wind was like a mournful lutanist;
The moon swam in a mist.

When the last evening came with little speech
Ineffably we trembled each to each,
While our lips met the long deep kiss to claim —
When the last evening came.

CLINTON SCOLLARD

THE UNDYING HEART

'OUTSOARING promise of dream and fancy of rhyme
'Comes Love, all dreams to excel, all rhymes to impart:
'Bear to abide for a while this desolate time,
'She will reward thee well' . . . said the undying heart.

Then Love like a phantom came, and now she is gone;
In one brief summer she passed: but fancy of rhyme
And promise of dream remain like robes on her throne.
The heart is a prophet yet. I abide the time!

EDWARD DAVISON

TO THE BELOVED

Oh, not more subtly silence strays
  Amongst the winds, between the voices,
Mingling alike with pensive lays,
  And with the music that rejoices,
Than thou art present in my days.

My silence, life returns to thee
  In all the pauses of her breath.
Hush back to rest the melody
  That out of thee awakeneth;
And thou, wake ever, wake for me!

Thou art like silence all unvexed,
  Though wild words part my soul from thee.
Thou art like silence unperplexed,
  A secret and a mystery
Between one footfall and the next.

Most dear pause in a mellow lay!
  Thou art inwoven with every air.
With thee the wildest tempests play,
  And snatches of thee everywhere
Make little heavens throughout a day.

Darkness and solitude shine, for me.
  For life's fair outward part are rife

The silver noises; let them be.
  It is the very soul of life
Listens for thee, listens for thee.

O pause between the sobs of cares;
  O thought within all thought that is;
Trance between laughters unawares:
  Thou art the shape of melodies,
And thou the ecstasy of prayers!

ALICE MEYNELL

CANDLE AND CROSS

You are at once my candle and my cross,
  The light I carry and the load I bear;
  A beam of living love, a weight of care,
Possession and irreparable loss
Are mine in you; aslant each dawning day
  One long gray shadow falls, yet when the night
  With blue-black blur would curtain earth from sight
In the still dark your taper throws its ray.

My lap is filled with burning bitter-sweet,
  And every hour the berries brim my hand
    Because of you; yet would I look above
With gratitude, still would my weary feet
  Plod on toward you, who made me understand
    The beauty and the magnitude of love.

ELISABETH SCOLLARD

ELYSIUM

HERE, like bewildered elves
  Lost in a murky smother,
Vainly our sundered selves
  Call to one another.

Words that the lips repeat
  Voice not the heart's commanding;
Some day we shall meet
  On the Hill of Understanding.

Peace shall be our bread,
  Love shall be its leaven,
Nothing shall need be said;
  That shall be our heaven.

No longer blind, alone,
  Wayward and passion-driven,
Knowing, we shall be known,
  Forgiving, be forgiven.

ARTHUR GUITERMAN

L'ENVOI

WHERE are the loves that we have loved before
When once we are alone, and shut the door?
No matter whose the arms that held me fast,
The arms of Darkness hold me at the last.

No matter down what primrose path I tend,
I kiss the lips of Silence in the end.
No matter on what heart I found delight,
I come again unto the breast of Night.
No matter when or how love did befall,
'Tis Loneliness that loves me best of all,
And in the end she claims me, and I know
That she will stay, though all the rest may go.
No matter whose the eyes that I would keep
Near in the dark, 'tis in the eyes of Sleep
That I must look and look forever more,
When once I am alone, and shut the door.

WILLA CATHER

THE THOUGHT

I WILL not write a poem for you,
because a poem, even the loveliest,
can only do what words can do —
stir the air, and dwindle, and be at rest.

Nor will I hold you with my hands, because
the bones of my hands on yours would press,
and you'd say after 'Mortal was,
and crumbling, that lover's tenderness.'

But I will hold you in a thought without moving
spirit or desire or will —
For I know no other way of loving,
that endures when the heart is still.

HUMBERT WOLFE

BY THE FIRE

WE who are lovers sit by the fire,
Cradled warm 'twixt thought and will,
Sit and drowse like sleeping dogs
In the equipoise of all desire,
Sit and listen to the still
Small hiss and whisper of green logs
That burn away, that burn away
With the sound of a far-off falling stream
Of threaded water blown to steam,
Grey ghost in the mountain world of grey.
Vapours blue as distance rise
Between the hissing logs that show
A glimpse of rosy heat below;
And candles watch with tireless eyes
While we sit drowsing here. I know,
Dimly, that there exists a world,
That there is time perhaps, and space
Other and wider than this place,

Where at the fireside drowsily curled
We hear the whisper and watch the flame
Burn blinkless and inscrutable.
And then I know those other names
That through my brain from cell to cell
Echo — reverberated shout
Of waiters mournful along corridors:
But nobody carries the orders out,
And the names (dear friends, your name and yours)
Evoke no sign. But here I sit
On the wide hearth, and there are you:
That is enough and only true.
The world and the friends that lived in it
Are shadows: you alone remain
Real in this drowsing room,
Full of the whispers of distant rain
And candles staring into the gloom.

ALDOUS HUXLEY

CONFESSION

HEAR the words that I would speak,
Take the kiss that I would give,
If Life, the long-withholding,
Should one day bid us live.

But I bear a coward's heart,
Thinking only of the pain
When hands that clasp so closely
Shall be unclasped again.

JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE

A FAREWELL

GOODBYE! — no, do not grieve that it is over,
The perfect hour;
That the winged joy, sweet honey-loving rover,
Flits from the flower.

Grieve not — it is the law. Love will be flying —
Yes, love and all.
Glad was the living — blessed be the dying.
Let the leaves fall.

HARRIET MONROE

DEPARTURE

ONE last look, and then — farewell to you forever,
Room that I have loved, dearest place of all!
Softly through the window pours the lonely moonlight
Slumbers on the bed, slumbers on the wall.

Faint in glimmering fields the grasshoppers are shrilling
As on nights of old, and a cricket, too.
Bravely his one note drones solemnly and slowly, —
Branches in the light droop all drenched with dew.

Here is the low table where we laughed together,
Chairs, where we have sat, huddle side by side;
In the quiet night-time the old house is musing
Deep on vanished days, and old dreams that died.

Where my youth has sorrowed now lies only moonlight,
Moonlight on the bed — moonlight on the floor, —
And across the pillow where your head lay dreaming,
O my lost beloved, — moonlight evermore.

JOHN HALL WHEELOCK

CLEAR POOLS

WHAT is this bitterness of love that scatters dust in the eyes?
What this absence that shrivels the heart and the blood?
What these cries that stop the ears with their pain?
Let us take our love unto God,
He understands, He has fashioned us and is kind;
How well He knows that love must carry its burden
If it would run to bathe in clear pools and lift its eyes to the stars!

What are we that we should not know that we are His,
And of Him our passion and of Him our tears?
His breast is deep and He will fold us there
In the mystery of His dark, in the miracle of His closeness.
Distance from us knows He not nor space,
And our love which is His how can it be divided from itself?
Are we not one even as we are His?

What is that cry?
Is it sorrow or is it the wind upon the waters?
What is this light that flows like a brook?
How well He knows that love must carry its burden,
If it would run to bathe in clear pools and lift its eyes to the stars!

JEANNETTE MARKS

SONG

WHEN I am dead, my dearest,
  Sing no sad songs for me;
Plant thou no roses at my head,
  Nor shady cypress tree:
Be the green grass above me
  With showers and dewdrops wet:
And if thou wilt, remember,
  And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,
  I shall not feel the rain;
I shall not hear the nightingale
  Sing on as if in pain:
And dreaming through the twilight
  That doth not rise nor set,
Haply I may remember,
  And haply may forget.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

FOR REMEMBRANCE

Give me at our parting
No flowers that fade,
Give me no keepsake
Another's hands have made,
Nor the singing silence
Of a final kiss.
Give me for remembrance
Nothing less than this —
To know your heart more swift to feel,
Your eyes more clear to see,
Your hands more strong to serve earth's need
Because of me.

Amelia Josephine Burr

HEAVEN

Ah God, that love should be
Another road to pain,
And beauty as it blossoms
By its own terror slain!

Still — if death were not
Another way to love,
There were little need of heaven
That sages whisper of.

Willard Wattles

TREASURES

These things I shall not speak of unto death;
The kiss of my first lover in the Spring,
A blue-bird's note at twilight, spreading wing,
The silent voice of forests. . . . The sweet breath
Of earth after a rain. . . . A heather heath
When dusk and starlight both are lingering . . .
Thoughts of my childhood which the long hours bring —
These things I shall not speak of unto death:

My mother's lips in her last, fond farewell;
Leave-taking of my youth; the tremulous hour
When deep within me came the stir of birth:
Sad moments when Love from his summit fell . . .
These sacred things that are the heart's still flower —
The deep, unuttered treasures of the earth.

Blanche Shoemaker Wagstaff

SELECTION FROM 'THE DARK NIGHT'

My Love is safe,
So great a love of God encloses it,
As fire encloses fire,
Dark flame and bright flame burning
Each in the other.

Now that I have put away for ever
Jealousy and unforgiving hate,
Grief and the pain of desire;
Now that I love again,
God has come back to me;
In the stillness of the dark night
I am made one with him
Again;
The thin walls of thought,
And the webs of space and time
Are broken,
And there is nothing any more
That shall come between God and me.
I have only to strip my soul naked,
Only to loosen the clasp of the clinging flesh,
To slip from the shining net,
And I have him there at my will.
In the stillness of the dark night,
When space and time are not,
And the flesh dies,
Where the eyes do not see nor the ears hear, nor the hands touch
any thing,
I have him who is neither seen, nor heard, nor held by any hand.

There,
Without seeing,
I have seen my dream of God

Open like a rose on the darkness;
I have seen my joy,
As a heavenly rose of fire,
Unfolding on the dark night of God;
Flower of that night alone,
It knows no earth, nor sun,
Nor any rain.

There,
In the stillness of the dark night,
Are the hushed peace and the unearthly ecstasy,
And the divine desire,
That shall hunger and thirst for ever,
And for ever be stilled.
There
Is the uttermost rest
Where all passing
Passes away.

MAY SINCLAIR

TO ONE LOVED

GOD, as He shaped thy beauty, took
What element divine?
For Oh! I deem His angels look
From Heaven with eyes like thine.

They are as gems by Beauty wrought
To blossoms pure and strange —
Forgotten flowers the soul hath sought
Where things immortal range.

I may not know the visions seen
Within their crystal scope,
For oft they are as skies serene
In all that Love can hope;

But when in those enchanted skies
The shadows come and go,
They seem as deeps whence Music sighs
But cannot tell her woe.

Such are God's jewels. Tho' their light
May grace but mortal years,
Divinely yet they star our night,
More beautiful for tears.

They are as voice to things that lie
Beyond the bourne of speech —
Too great for ecstasy to sigh,
Too fair for tongue to teach.

They are as that intrinsic word
That Nature strives to say —

By night an immanence unheard,
A peacelessness by day.

And thus their gentle glories are
A mystery to me
So kindred to the evening star,
The mountains and the sea,

That when we part my soul must yet
Regard, in wanderings,
The beauty and the sadness met
In far, eternal things.

GEORGE STERLING

HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP

ALL that the dawn wove webs of gold around
Appears once more in the dim evening sky, —
The stranger worlds, islands of light that lie
Washed by a shoreless sea, remote, profound;
All that the harsh noise of the noonday drowned,
The wood, the wind, the water's old, old cry,
Now gathereth in the dusk to surge and die
Into the Voice that speaketh without sound.

Shadow and stillness and the dream-hour near,
With peace lost in the morning found at night;
So death restoreth that which life must take:

Silence in whose cool hush the dull ears hear,
Darkness where wearied eyes regain their sight,
And sleep that His belovèd may awake.

THOMAS S. JONES, JR.

IMMORTALITY

ONCE I doubted — in dark o' the sun,
Now Love streams thro till life be done.
I rest like a bird on its pinioned word,
I bend in its flame like a wind-blown tree
Loving the sense of Infinity.
How can I die — tho I be clay —
Having shared the flight of your skyward way,
When your bright shadow has laid on me
Its Immortality?

How am I worth this starry thing —
I, crawling along with broken wing,
Eyes on the ground, fettered and bound,
Till your love lifted me, bore me up,
Gave me to drink of Life's brimming cup?
How can I die — though my body pass
As a cloud in the sky, as wind over grass —
When the sword of your spirit has cut for me
This Immortality?

What have I done that *this* should come —
I, so small and weak and numb —
This gift of grace that shines in your face?
How have I tip-toed to reach your height,
Wrestled with demons, anguished at night?
Suddenly I feel no concern.
Does not your love within me burn?
Is Love not eternal? So you to me
Give Immortality.

GERTRUDE HUNTINGTON MCGIFFERT

LAST LOVE

(*From Novalis — adaptation of his last words*)

Now for a last glad look upon life: my journey is ending:
Now this door that is Death quietly shuts me behind.
Thankful I hear Love's call — the faithful call of a comrade:
Then all joyful am I, ready to give her my heart.
All through life it is Love hath been my counsellor only:
Hers be the praise alway if I have followed aright.
For as a mother awakes with kisses her slumbering baby,
As she first has a care — as she alone understands —
So has Love been mine, has watched and tended and kissed me:
Near me when I was a child: near me till I was a man.
Thus, mid sorrow or doubt, I have clung to her, learning her lesson:
Now she has made me free — free to rejoice evermore.

JAMES ELROY FLECKER

THE SACRAMENT OF LOVE

Love is the sacrament of sacraments;
For God is Love, and Love is God.
Who loves knows Him, and in Him all the heights
And depths of those high rapturous delights
Which for Love's soul are very soul of life,
And through the troubled ways, — through stress and strife,
Bear the soul upward to that final goal
Where Life and Love make one full-rounded whole.

Love tints the grayest life with rose;
Love kindles fires 'mid winter snows.

Love draws the fallen from his sin;
Love helps the sinner grace to win.

Love lifts the fringes of the night;
Love gifts the eyes of Faith with sight.

Love to all loveliness is kin;
Love moulds all Life, — without, — within.

Love is the mightiest power on earth;
Love to Eternal Hope gives birth.

Love — the Beginning and the End —
All life and death doth comprehend.

Love lived in Death upon the Tree;
Love lives again, for you and me.

Love through eternity endures,
For God is Love,
And Love is God.
Thank God for Love, — His first, — then yours.

JOHN OXENHAM

INDEX OF AUTHORS

INDEX OF AUTHORS

A. E., 5, 188
Aiken, Conrad, 16, 31
Aldington, Richard, 71, 78
Aldrich, Thomas Bailey, 51
Arnold, Matthew, 36
Auslander, Joseph, 33

Barker, Elsa, 153
Benét, William Rose, 21, 22
Bianchi, Martha Gilbert Dickinson, 159
Binyon, Laurence, 90, 172
Boggs, Norman T., 51
Booth, Eva Gore-, 102
Bourdillon, Francis William, 58
Bradley, William Aspenwall, 91
Bridges, Robert, 18
Brooke, Rupert, 14, 41
Browning, Robert, 22, 24, 74, 92, 93
Bunner, Henry Cuyler, 136
Burnet, Dana, 110, 184
Burr, Amelia Josephine, 201
Burt, Struthers, 157
Bynner, Witter, 27, 130, 134

Carman, Bliss, 111
Carpenter, Edward, 39
Carryl, Guy Wetmore, 119
Cather, Willa, 194
Chesterton, Gilbert K., 85
Coates, Florence Earle, 184
Coleridge, Mary, 110
Colum, Padraic, 38, 62
Conkling, Grace Hazard, 121
Corbin, Alice, 105, 123
Crane, Nathalia, 173
Crapsey, Adelaide, 78

Daly, Thomas Augustine, 141, 145
Davies, William Henry, 107, 154
Davis, Fannie Stearns, 80
Davison, Edward, 191
De la Mare, Walter, 9, 163
Dickinson, Emily, 44, 87, 99
Dobson, Austin, 144
Donnelly, Francis P., S.J., 63
Drinkwater, John, 149, 183

E., A., 5, 188
Emerson, Ralph Waldo, 3

Ficke, Arthur Davison, 128
Flecker, James Elroy, 208
Flint, F. S., 76
Ford, Ford Madox, 50, 88
Foster, Jeanne Robert, 188
Freeman, John, 166
Frost, Robert, 113, 148, 151

Gale, Zona, 117
Garrison, Theodosia, 35, 37
Gibran, Kahlil, 180
Gore-Booth, Eva, 102
Guiterman, Arthur, 140, 194

Hardy, Thomas, 116
Henderson, Daniel, 178
Henley, W. E., 142
Hillyer, Robert Silliman, 7
Holmes, Oliver Wendell, 70, 83
Hope, Laurence, 124
Houghton, Lord, 2
Huxley, Aldous, 196

Johns, Orrick, 60
Johnson, Robert Underwood, 123
Johnson, Thomas H., 131
Jones, Thomas S., Jr., 190, 206
Joyce, James, 65, 105

Ketchum, Arthur, 31, 135
Kilmer, Aline, 170, 173
Kilmer, Joyce, 27

Lang, Andrew, 177
Lanier, Sidney, 87
Ledwidge, Francis, 100
Lee, Harry, 167
Le Gallienne, Richard, 66
Leitch, Mary Sinton, 180
Lindsey, William, 120
Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth, 161
Lowell, Amy, 53, 92, 112
Lynd, Sylvia, 75

McCarthy, Justin Huntly, 30
McGiffert, Gertrude Huntington, 207
Macleod, Fiona, 61, 176
McLeod, Irene Rutherford, 7
Markham, Edwin, 9
Marks, Jeannette, 17, 199
Marlatt, Earl, 135
Masefield, John, 69, 103
Mavity, Nancy Barr, 160
Maynard, Theodore, 26
Meredith, George, 23, 102
Mew, Charlotte, 60
Meynell, Alice, 97, 192
Meynell, Francis, 47
Millay, Edna St. Vincent, 57, 58
Monro, Harold, 174
Monroe, Harriet, 198
Moody, William Vaughn, 101, 127
Morgan, Angela, 168
Morley, Christopher, 171
Morris, William, 5

Naidu, Sarojini, 18, 40
Nathan, Robert, 68
Norwood, Robert, 162
Noyes, Alfred, 8, 185

O'Neill, Moira, 24
Oppenheim, James, 126
O'Reilly, John Boyle, 63, 68
O'Shaughnessy, Arthur, 73
Ostenso, Martha, 132
Oxenham, John, 209

Palamas, Kostes, 162
Pearce, Theodocia, 129
Percy, William Alexander, 64
Phipps, Sarah Metcalf, 108
Phoutrides, Aristides E., 162
Piety, Chauncey R., 187
Pound, Ezra, 48, 49
Pulsifer, Harold Trowbridge, 166

Reese, Lizette Woodworth, 106, 109

Rihani, Ameen, 126
Rittenhouse, Jessie B., 197
Robinson, Corinne Roosevelt, 156
Robinson, Edwin Arlington, 165
Rossetti, Christina, 200
Rossetti, Dante Gabriel, 28
Russell, George William, 5, 188

Santayana, George, 182
Schauffler, Robert Haven, 160
Schütze, Martin, 146
Scollard, Clinton, 129, 190
Scollard, Elisabeth, 193
Seeger, Alan, 33, 77
Sharp, William, 61, 176
Simmons, Laura, 117
Sinclair, May, 118, 202
Spalding, Susan Marr, 156
Speyer, Leonora, 189
Squire, J. C., 74, 133
Steese, Edward, 85
Sterling, George, 25, 204
Sturm, F. P., 45

Tagore, Rabindranath, 80
Teasdale, Sara, 12, 81
Tennyson, Alfred, Lord, 12, 44, 97
Thompson, Francis, 9
Thoreau, Henry D., 32
Tree, Iris, 29, 155
Trench, Herbert, 187

Underwood, Pierson, 72
Untermeyer, Louis, 114

Van Dyke, Henry, 82
Verhaeren, Emile, 86, 146

Wagstaff, Blanche Shoemaker, 202
Warren, Gretchen, 121
Wattles, Willard, 21, 201
Wheelock, John Hall, 198
Widdemer, Margaret, 179
Wolfe, Humbert, 36, 195
Wylie, Elinor, 49

Yeats, William Butler, 13, 20
Young, Francis Brett, 89

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 9999 09773 822 1

ANTHOLOGIES

By Jessie B. Rittenhouse

THE LITTLE BOOK OF MODERN VERSE

'No one has done more, in recent years, for poetry as a living art in America to-day than has been done by Jessie B. Rittenhouse in "The Little Book of Modern Verse."' — *Current Opinion.*

THE SECOND BOOK OF MODERN VERSE

A supplementary volume to 'The Little Book of Modern Verse,' containing more than 200 poems by nearly 100 poets of the present day.

THE THIRD BOOK OF MODERN VERSE

Like its predecessors, this volume contains selections from the work of all outstanding poets of to-day. The choicest poetry of nearly one hundred and fifty poets is included.

THE LITTLE BOOK OF MODERN BRITISH VERSE

A companion volume to Miss Rittenhouse's other anthologies, containing 229 poems from the works of 100 poets beginning with Henley.

THE LITTLE BOOK OF AMERICAN POETS

'The best from the poetry of the nineteenth century.' — *New York Times.*

Poetry and Drama

BALLADS FOR SALE
By AMY LOWELL

This third posthumous volume covers a wide range and presents, perhaps, the best examples of Miss Lowell's varied genius.

THE TALL MEN
By DONALD DAVIDSON

Portraits of a Tennessean, by the author of 'An Outland Piper.'

COLLECTED POEMS COLLECTED PLAYS
By JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY

In this handsome edition is collected the best work of one of America's outstanding poets and playwrights.

HAPPY ENDING
By LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

A new edition of collected lyrics with hitherto unpublished poems. Introduction by Ferris Greenslet.

THE THIRD BOOK OF MODERN VERSE
By JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE

The best work of one hundred and fifty contemporary poets.

LOVE'S HIGH WAY
By MRS. WALDO RICHARDS

A collection of the great English love poems.

MINSTRELSY OF MAINE
By FANNIE H. ECKSTORM *and* MARY W. SMYTH

A collection of the racy folk songs and ballads of the Maine woods and coast.

THE RIVERSIDE BOOK OF VERSE
By ROBERT M. GAY

One of the best and most comprehensive anthologies that has been made.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY